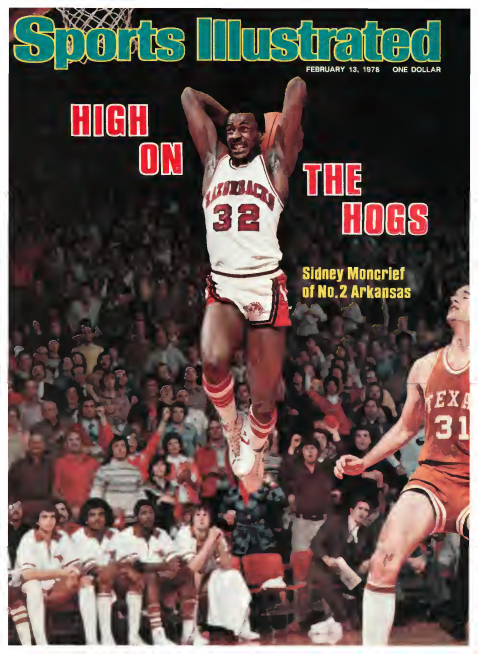


Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 13, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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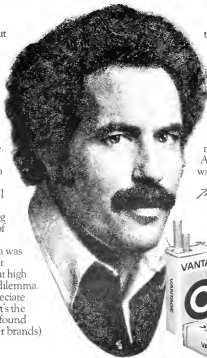
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



CANTWELL PREFERS BIRDS IN THE BUSH

Among the special contributions of Special Contributor Robert Cantwell have been articles on subjects as diverse as polo's Cecil Smith (SI, May 9, 1977), the history of free road maps (June 22, 1964), llamas in Oregon (Nov. 22, 1976) and the man who wrote *Waltzing Matilda* (Dec. 9, 1974). His first article about birds—so he exact, about Alexander Wilson, a predecessor of Audubon—appeared here in 1956. He expanded it to a comprehensive biography and went on to write a score or more stories about hawks, startlings, black brant, ducks and birds and bird watchers in general. The birds were familiar and the places he studied them easily reached.

"I found Wilson's nine-volume *American Ornithology* in the geology library of Columbia University," Cantwell recalls. "Because they are big books, somebody, long ago, stored them among oversized geological works showing the insides of mountains. The charge-out cards indicated that the last time they had been borrowed was in 1849. I studied the birds of Mark Catesby, an early English naturalist, in the rare-book room of the New York Public Library, where they lock you in while you look at their books. Then, when I wrote about the influence of birdsongs on popular music, I worked in the Library of Congress."

This time Cantwell has written about an expedition into a Mexican wilderness, where he found the fresh air and

live birds a startling change for the better. The group was in search of a large, ungainly, inhospitable fowl called the horned guan, and secondarily interested in an elusive little green-and-blue bird called the azure-rumped tanager. The place the bird watchers went to find these dissimilar rarities was the small village of El Triunfo in the Sierra Madre range. From November until April, this is a traditional meeting ground for south-migrating Northern birds and innumerable local residents—there were so many birds of so many species, Cantwell says, that the more experienced watchers "appeared to be dazed or hypnotized." Coming to El Triunfo from the Library of Congress, Cantwell might have been expected to succumb to the ornithological bends, and, indeed, at the end of the first day, having sighted an emerald toucanet, a blue-crowned chlorophonia, a hooded grosbeak, a spotted nightingale-thrush, a cinnamon flower-piercer, a brown-backed solitaire and a number of black robins, he gave up trying to start a life list and devoted his tape recorder to the comments of the other bird watchers.

"Their sport began at 5 a.m.," Cantwell says. "When they were not scrambling up steep ridges, they could be seen transfixed at the edges of clearings, leaning backward, binoculars focused on the upper branches of trees, expressions of satisfaction on their faces."

"But the real attraction of birding in the wilderness, I suspect, is a sense of rediscovery. This must be somewhat like the abundance of the bird world known to Wilson and Catesby and Audubon. The main purpose of all the effort was to find the horned guan and perhaps make some modest contribution to science in the process. But whether or not the guan was sighted, the other birds the group observed would have made the search worthwhile."

"Bird watching," Cantwell reasons, "is a sport in which nobody loses."

Sack Meyer

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

FOR BIRD WATCHERS, THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF ROGER TORY PETERSON

Will Rogers traveled so much and attended so many banquets that his homecomings were events. When he sat down to dinner on one occasion, the story goes, his wife said to their children, "The man with us tonight, I am sure, needs no introduction." And Rogers automatically stood up to make a speech.

Roger Tory Peterson may rank second to Will Rogers in miles traveled and lectures delivered. He began making speeches about birds for the Audubon Society in 1935, and he has gone on talking about birds and writing about them and painting them ever since. He once made 11 speeches in four days. When he arrived for his first lecture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he was terrified to discover an audience of 1,500 children. But an ornithological friend helped him out. Peterson told a ghost story about a screech owl. He imitated its ghostly call, and from the dark balcony there came a perfect imitation of the owl's screech in reply. After that, the children were in the palm of his hand. The Audubon Society had only 3,500 members in those days (today there are more than 350,000) and little money. Peterson drove his own second-hand Buick coupe, sometimes 200 to 300 miles in a day, week after week. He recalls that he could keep up the pace for about three weeks, "... after that, I was a bore."

One thing Roger Tory Peterson does not need is an introduction, at least not among bird watchers. That there are more than 20 million in the U.S. today is due in no small part to his work, plus the energy and passion that went into promoting it.

John C. Devlin and Grace Naismith, in *The World of Roger Tory Peterson* (Times Books, \$14.95), report that Peterson's pioneering *A Field Guide to the Birds*, first published in 1934, is in its 47th edition (more than two million copies) and has spawned many rival guides. Peterson has earned eight honorary degrees, 26 awards in art, ornithology, conservation and public service. In 1975 he was chosen the most famous person to have come from Jamestown, N.Y., defeating Lucille Ball by one vote.

Peterson was born in 1908, the son of a Swedish-immigrant father and a German-immigrant mother. His seventh-grade teacher inspired his interest in birds when he was 11 years old, and Ernest Thompson Seton's *Two Little Savages*, a boys' book that combined a moderately interesting story with instructions and plans for building cabins and traps and getting along in the woods, also intrigued the

fledgling ornithologist. By the time Peterson graduated from high school at 16 he was so well known locally for his drawings of birds and plants that the yearbook captioned his photograph **HERE ARE THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT NATURALIST**. At age 17, with \$80 saved from his job in a furniture factory—he had acquired expensive liquor cabinets, which were status symbols during Prohibition—he set off for New York to attend a three-day meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, where two of his paintings had been accepted for exhibition. It was here he met experts in the field who were to become early mentors and lifelong friends.

Peterson was a public figure from the start. Authors Devlin and Naismith define that public as a mélange of artists, scientists, conservationists, rivals and friends, and a horde of hero-worshipping followers. The authors taped more than 100 interviews. And there is a feeling, in reading the book, that Peterson was often more of a public figure than he wanted to become. His own books, especially *Birds Over America*, have a brisk, matter-of-fact air, with every person and every bird introduced with some bright, particular identifying fact, but in this authorized biography there is a monosyllabic of organizations and officials. Characters become titleholders. "... one-time president of the Canadian Audubon Society," "... former curator of the Bruce Museum," "Elliot Richardson, later to be Ambassador to Britain..." (who was a student when Peterson taught painting). Comments throughout the book are admiring without being revealing: "One of Roger's characteristics as a genius... is abstemiousness." "He was born a genius to do what he wanted to." "Genuses make their own rules." The authors have tried to humanize the testimonials by writing extensively of Peterson's three marriages, quoting friends, wives and ex-wives impartially, resulting in passages like this:

Mildred wanted children.
Roger did not want children.
Mildred loved music.
Mildred loved people.
Roger loved Mildred.
Roger loved Roger.

What does come through is a sense of Peterson's energy and tenacity, his talent for painting birds, his constant travels, his ability (as Elliot Richardson wrote) to make people see "that there is a lot of life around us that we don't take in because we aren't looking, we aren't listening, we aren't paying attention." The massive research in this book does not give a clear picture of Peterson as an individual, but it does give something perhaps more valuable—it makes you want to read or reread Peterson's own books. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JOE JARVIS

CHAMPION BY COMMITTEE

From Baron's Court in London, headquarters of the International Tennis Federation, comes word that the ITF plans "to make its own formal judgment on the matter" of which man and woman each year deserves the title "world champion." For more than 60 years this issue has been left to journalists, computers and point systems, but now the ITF has created two committees to do the official anointing, starting in 1978. Don Budge, Fred Perry and Lew Hoad will pick the man; Margaret Court, Margaret du Pont and Ann Haydon Jones will pick the woman.

However, the formal judgment of Bob Briner, executive director of the Association of Tennis Professionals, is that the ITF's thinking is as fuzzy as a new ball. Briner believes that, for the men at least, the winner should be determined by the Colgate Grand Prix Masters tournament, which "brings together the top eight players in the world based on their court results during year-round, worldwide, all-surface competition."

"Of all the tennis organizations, the ITF has less to do with big-time tennis than any other," says Briner. "The ITF could close up tomorrow and the pro game would go on without missing a beat.... Saying they are going to name an official world champion is roughly akin to the AAU announcing that it is going to name the most valuable player of the National Basketball Association."

In other words, the selection of the world champs will continue to be chaotic and controversial. But then why should it be any different from most other aspects of tennis?

COLD FIGURES

Here's a sports problem that is included in an article on puzzles in, of all places, *The Farmer's Almanac* for 1978.

A five-team hockey league lost most of its records before the end of the season. A statistician was hired and told to reconstruct the stats—games played,

won, lost, tied; season points; goals scored, goals given up—from the few details available to him. The statistician knew that each team was scheduled to play every other team once and, as is customary in hockey, a team earned two points for a win, one point for a tie, no points for a loss. Otherwise, all he knew was:

- The Canadiens had not lost a game.
- The Bombardiers had scored five goals and had given up two.
- The Algonquins and Delawares had both played their four games, the Canadiens had played three, and the Esquimaux two.
- The Algonquins had a season total of five points, the Canadiens and Delawares three each, the Esquimaux none.
- The Algonquins had scored seven goals in their four games and had given up one. The Esquimaux had scored two, given up six.
- The Delawares had scored five, but their goals-against total was missing.
- The Canadiens had given up four goals, but their goals-scored total was missing.

From these fragmentary data the statistician not only had to reconstruct the standings, but he also had to determine which teams had played which so far, and what the results and the scores of each game had been.

He did it.

Can you?

PGA BELOW PAR

Golfer Lee Trevino complains that the pro golf tour is one of the few sports organizations that does not provide full-time medical services to its participants.

"Say you get a little hitch in your back on the practice tee 15 minutes before you're supposed to tee off," says Trevino. "You're naturally worried about it, but what can you do? It's not like you can say, 'Send in the reserve. I'll catch him on 15.' You go out on the first tee on Thursday or you're out."

MARYLAND BEAUTY

A new film version of *Black Beauty*, Anna Sewall's classic 1877 novel, was serialized for five nights on TV last week. Universal Studios took a few liberties with the story, such as changing the setting from England to Maryland, which is traditional—and very beautiful—horse country. When Beauty is forced to pull a city cab, the city is supposed to be old Baltimore.

However, all the filming was done in Kentucky during the fall. And what is supposed to be pre-1900 Baltimore is actually Paris, Ky. with its parking meters removed.

BIORHYTHMICAL WARFARE

A basketball coach in New Jersey is using a strategy that may make pep talks obsolete. Coach Ken Leary of Pleasantville High claims his team is 13-2 because, following the suggestion of his athletic di-



rector, Joe Clements, he has been charting his players' biorhythms. By using printouts from the school's computer, Leary claims to know who will be hot and who will be cold even before warm-ups. "They use these things with airline pilots, so it makes sense to use them for something like a basketball team," he said. "From the results so far, I honestly believe biorhythms are as good a coaching tool as any other."

Until last week the most disadvantageous set of biorhythms in the nation must have belonged to the Stockbridge (Wis.) High School basketball team. Stockbridge had lost 90 consecutive games dating back to November of 1972.

CONTINUED

The Milwaukee Bucks had treated the team to a night on the town just to keep its spirits up. But after a five-year valley, Stockbridge's biorhythms finally hit a peak last Tuesday, and the Indians beat JFK Prep from St. Nazianz 45-35. The players gleefully cut down the nets and flashed the score on the scoreboard for half an hour after the game. Governor Martin Schreiber had been asked to proclaim a Stockbridge Day in Wisconsin.

AND THEN THERE WAS ONE

The University Lake high school girls' basketball team from Hartland, Wis.—yep, that state again—was playing Shoreland Lutheran High in Kenosha recently. Four University Lake players were out sick with the flu, leaving only five to suit up. Still, the Lakers led 22-11 at halftime.

Soon, however, University Lake started to recede. Mary Allen fouled out, and the Lakers received the third quarter with four players and a 25-16 lead. Rita Landis sprained an ankle and departed early in the fourth quarter. Sandy Saeger fouled out with less than three minutes left. And Ann Yeomans fouled out with about one minute to go; but her team still led 33-25. That left Laura Merisalo, who had four fouls, to play against five Shoreland opponents, a problem on defense certainly but also a headache when she had to inbound the ball (she tossed it to an opponent and tried to steal it back).

Laura gave up four points in that final minute, but University Lake still won 33-29.

THE WHITTIER CONNECTION

When Gordon Jones, turf writer and handicapper for the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, arrived at Santa Anita last Thursday, there was a message: "Some guy who says he's Richard Nixon wants you to call him." Knowing that the ex-President seldom, if ever, calls reporters, Jones dialed the number skeptically.

"This is Richard Nixon," said a voice hesitantly. "I am calling to say I think you wrote a very sensitive piece about George Allen in today's paper." Jones had told of meeting Allen when the handicapper was track captain at Whittier College and Allen was football coach. It was one of the few complimentary stories to appear about the former Redskin coach, a longtime friend of Nixon's, since he had been named to take over the Rams.

The reporter reminded the ex-Presi-

dent that they had met previously, that his father had been president of Whittier when Nixon was a trustee. Nixon then began to philosophize on coaching and leadership. On Vince Lombardi: "A lot of [his players] thought he was a mean S.O.B. and they cursed him for the way he drove them. But they won with him." On George Allen: "He is tough and players don't always love a coach for that. But a coach doesn't have to be loved to win. He has to be respected. . . . He isn't much for a pat on the back for reporters. He's more golly and gee and a milk shake, and I don't think most members of the press are that way."

Which brought him to, "What I want to know is why a nice Whittier College graduate like you is covering the horses. I think you might want to move up from horse races to political races. . . . It's all right to cover the horse races, but don't bet on them because you can't beat them."

Jones, a former USC journalism teacher who is billed by his paper as Professor Gordon Jones, pondered the advice—for all of five seconds—before rushing to the press-box pay-matruel window. He won that bet and the next and the next—a \$263 exacta—and finished with more than a \$1,000 profit for the day to go with his exclusive story.

THE LAST JAM

If we ignore the mythical claims in behalf of Abner Doubleday, there remain only three North Americans who invented a sport from scratch. One was Dr. James Naismith, the Canadian who conceived basketball. The second was William G. Morgan, who created volleyball in Holyoke, Mass. The third died last week in Encino, Calif. at the age of 74. His name was Leo Seltzer: the game he invented was Roller Derby.

Seltzer was a theatrical and sports entrepreneur, a marvelous American original. For a time he promoted Walkathons, with such unknowns as Frankie Laine and Red Skelton serving as emcees. Then he hit upon his roller skating scheme in Chicago in 1935. It was an instant success and with the help of television enjoyed two great boom periods after the war.

The Derby is moribund now, a fact that distressed Seltzer greatly. He always hoped that his creation, which like pro wrestling tended to be more show than sport, would thrive as a legiti-

mate athletic contest. Seltzer was a superb, dispassionate businessman, a successful land developer and a partner in the Roller Derby Skate Co., with \$30 million in annual sales, but his family constantly had to talk him out of selling out and investing the works in a new, legit Roller Derby League. One of the last calls he made was to Sonny Werblin, an old show biz pal who is the new head of Madison Square Garden, urging Werblin to join with him in starting a 100% honest Derby League.

In a sense, Leo Seltzer suffered the only Naismith complex in history. It was never enough that his next little game entertained millions of people. The hooker—and more successful—it grew, the more he despised what he had wrought. He longed to leave the world a real sport.

HOCKEY STILL SLIDING

There is a move afoot to change the format of the National Hockey League All-Star Game from a contest between the two divisions to a three-game series between a team of NHL stars and a Soviet team. The hope is that such a series will attract the network TV contract the league desperately needs.

That's O.K., but rather than dwelling on the All-Star Game, which matters to hardly anyone, hockey might do better to have a face-off with its more pressing problems. Games between the six good teams and 12 bad ones lead to mismatches and reduced attendance. Also, NHL scheduling ignores its traditional and geographic rivalries. The underlying problem is a lack of cohesiveness. The 18 NHL owners are taking 18 separate paths—and this is not the road to television money.

THEY SAID IT

• Lou Carnesecca, St. John's basketball coach, asked about Villanova freshman Forward Alex Bradley: "He's the most unheralded best freshman I ever heard of. Does that sound right?"

• Richie Ashburn, former Philadelphia Phillies outfielder, after getting 158 votes on the balloting for enshrinement in the Baseball Hall of Fame this year (he got only six votes the first year he was eligible): "I'm flattered that so many baseball people think I'm a Hall of Famer, but what's hard to believe is how 150-plus people have changed their minds about me since I became eligible, because I haven't had a base hit since then." **END**

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GOING LIKE BLAZERS



Portland is not just running away from everybody in the NBA, it's mounting an assault on the record books as well

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The theory is rapidly being advanced that nobody, not even Clint Eastwood, is going to make it through Multnomah County as long as the Portland Trail Blazers—otherwise known as *The Gophers*—stay alive and healthy and remember to keep their eyes averted from Coach Jack Ramsay's blinding array of multicolored pants. As Bill Walton fires his heavy ammo from the rooftops, as Maurice Lucas and Lionel Hollins heave their deadly mortars front and rear, as several other vaguely familiar and unfamiliar Blazers sneak-attack from all sides, how can ordinary basketball teams avoid being massacred when Ramsay breaks out yet another pair of those remarkable trousers. They can't. They just lose quietly and go away.

There is no real evidence that Ramsay's pants ("Pants?" says Guard Dave Twardzik. "I thought his legs were tattooed") have been responsible for a single Trail Blazer victory. But it was the same old show again last week in Portland's sold-out-forever Memorial Coliseum as well as across the river in the downtown Paramount, where the Blazer games are transmitted on closed circuit for an

Under the basket against the Bucks, John Geronzi and Dave Meyers, Hollins gets set to dish it off



Power Forward Lucas is the team's No. 2 scorer

audience of thoroughly raving Blazermania. The home team won two more games and sent historians scurrying out into the rain to speculate on just how long sport's newest wonder team can go on like this.

It is not merely that Portland is in the throes of Blazermania. Part II—7-month-old babies attend team practices; a truck driver named D. D. Albritton records a country-and-Western masterpiece entitled *Blazer Mania*. Nor is it just that the team is defending its NBA championship with a zeal seldom seen outside a college campus. It is the fairly outrageous numbers the champions have been compiling that have people leafing through the pages of the record books.

Before the All-Star Game, Portland won its last five games by margins of 23, 35, 35, 20 and 20 points. Last Friday night, after the Blazers had crushed Golden State 112-92, Rick Barry was approached warily by an interviewer. Barry had scored three baskets in the game, which was an improvement over the last time he played against Portland, when he scored, uh, one. Barry was asked were the Blazers good, better, or best?

"This team deserves any comparison
continued



No. 1 of course is Walton, working with two good hands—the better to score and tote groceries

anybody wants to make," Barry said. "The old Celtics, the Knicks, Philly with Wilt, L.A. with Wilt, anybody. It's a clinic whenever you play them. They get the ball out and ram it down your throat. Walton is a great center who does everything, and all the rest complement each other. The Blazers may be the most ideal team ever put together."

A few nights earlier, Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson had been equally adulatory. His talented young Bucks had exploded for 39 points in the first quarter, had shot 60% in the first half—and were trailing Portland 71-69. After the Blazers pulled ahead to win another lougher, 136-116, Nelson, who played on five championship Celtic teams, spoke of "situation basketball. Portland reacts to situations," he said. "Ninety percent of what they do is automatic, everyone picks it up. The Celtics had role-playing, defensive and offensive specialists. Here the attack is more general. Everybody on the Blazers can beat you at either end. They are a team for all time."

For all time. Ah, again some numbers. At the All-Star break, Walton and his merry men had won 40 games and lost eight. They were undefeated at home, with 26 straight victories this year and 44 over two seasons, including playoff games. They were unbeaten in their division—the Pacific, arguably the NBA's strongest—with nine straight. They led the league in defense (100.4 points per game allowed), not to mention in scoring margin (10.1) by nearly five points a game. Moreover, the Trail Blazers had already won as many games on the road as they had all of last year, and their road victory percentage of .636 (14-8) was higher than all but three NBA teams' overall percentage. Projected over a full season (see chart), what Portland could do would place the team among the NBA's finest ever.

The team itself will not be the last to admit this. "Lack of confidence has never been one of my problems," says Walton, the ringleader. "Maybe I'm just surprised we haven't won more." And as Larry Steele, the oldest Blazer in point of service—seven seasons—points out, "Teams are always aiming for periods of consistency—20 minutes of great ball, 25 minutes. Well, we're coming closer and closer to the perfect 48 minutes."

Last season, Ramsay could pinpoint the exact moment his club meshed, then erupted for all the world to see how good

it was—a 146-104 November rout of the 76ers. The improvement this year has been more gradual. The signs could be seen last spring when the Blazers embarrassed Philadelphia by winning the last four games of the NBA finals.

"Now we are more poised," Ramsay said last week as he drove through the Oregon downpour, wearing a blue jacket, blue shoes, blue socks—and brown plaid pants. "We concentrate better. We have fewer dry spells on offense, fewer lapses on defense." Then the coach himself lapsed, taking leave of basic coaching rhetoric. "Our half-court offense is better than any of those Celtic teams," Ramsay said. "We are really awesome."

Early on, it was refreshingly obvious that the Blazers had not become fat, happy, complacent or checkbook-conscious. Walton set the tone in training camp, arriving stronger and quicker, swigging huge gulps of hearts-of-irishchoke juice or something and knocking off the required 300 jump ropes so fast a teammate said, "You couldn't even see the rope."

What is easier to see is the steady progression of Hollins toward becoming one of the three or four best all-round backcourt men in the pros. Hollins' quick, ball-stealing defense always was of top quality, but now the Traan has also learned to use his speed in moderation on the attack. Hollins' shooting is more consistent—42 of 64 in Portland's five-game winning streak—and his floor mistakes less blatant. "I thought I was playing well early," he says, "but in the last 20 games, I've been playing great. Ev-

erybody is just very confident. We want it all again."

Lucas, the Blazers' other star, vows, "We're staying hungry. All of us know what it's like to get blown out. We want to keep down the blowin'."

At the risk of drawing Lucas' All-Pro glare, let it be noted that his assessment is not entirely correct. The Portland brass has assembled this remarkable team according to a theory based on winning as an inherited trait; all the Blazers have been big winners before. Only one member of the 11-man roster—Bob Gross—did not come from an NCAA tournament team, and that was because Gross' college, Long Beach State, was on probation. During his two years, Long Beach's record was 43-9.

The team's small forward, Gross is that prime example of an excellent player toiling for a more than excellent team. Simply, he "fills a role." While the Waltons, Lucases and Hollins dominate the statistics and make the All-Star teams, Gross spends much of the time, as he says, "doing what's left over." This includes leading the team in offensive rebounds and, last week, turning in what amounted to a perfect game against Milwaukee—19 points, six assists, five steals.

Like Gross, the curly-haired Twardzik—"our Polish immigrant child," Assistant Coach Jack McKinney calls him—constantly is maligned as a journeyman living off his more gifted teammates. This is hardly fair to the man his teammates have named "Fudd" (something about a resemblance to Bugs Bun-

THE FIVE BEST—AND HERE COMES PORTLAND

	SEASON		HOME		AT ALL-STAR	
	record	ptg	record	ptg	record	ptg
LOS ANGELES 71-72	69-13	.841	36-5	.878	41-5	.891
PHILA. 66-67	68-13	.840	28-2	.933	39-4	.907
BOSTON 72-73	68-14	.829	33-6	.848	39-7	.848
MILWAUKEE 70-71	66-16	.805	34-2	.944	35-7	.833
BOSTON 64-65	62-18	.775	27-3	.900	37-7	.841
PORTLAND 77-78	(67-15)*	(.817)*	(41-0)*	(1.000)*	40-8	.833

*projected

my's not-too-speedy old foe). As he was last season, Twardzik is the league's best in shooting percentage (.664) with a repertoire consisting exclusively of a twisting corkscrew layup from three inches and a unique item he calls the "springer." The springer is a jump shot in disguise because Twardzik plainly cannot jump.

"Who would Dave Twardzik be without the Trail Blazers?" asks Portland GM Stu Inman. "Who would K. C. Jones have been without the Celtics?"

If Fudd is K. C. Jones, then Portland's Lloyd Neal is the famous Celtic sixth man. Or Tom Owens is. Or Guard Johnny Davis. Or Steele. So deep and talented is the Trail Blazer bench that opponents have a hard time figuring out which poison to accept.

Lucas, the premier power forward in basketball, has missed six games, but the Trail Blazers have won them all. Walton has missed two others—one when he flew home to be with Susie Guth and their newborn son, Nathan—and the team won both of those as well. Five different Blazers have led Portland in rebounding in one game or another. Seven different men have led in assists. Nine separate players have led in scoring. The Portland bench averages more than 41 points a game.

"Being a sub doesn't bother me," says the 6' 7" Neal. "Basically, you got to be a contributor. When you get in the game, the secret is to play so you don't apprehend the flow." What?

Heretofore, Neal's major notoriety had come from his altercations with Lakers fan Jack Nicholson in the Los Angeles Forum ("Sit down, fool!" Neal yelled at the actor, who was blocking his view from the bench), but this season Neal's rescue missions are of spine-tingling stuff.

In the four games in which he has played more than 30 minutes, Neal has scored 31, 33, 21 and 10 points, the last coming in a victory at Boston he clinched with three overtime baskets. Last Friday Neal was in street clothes resting his sore knees when Lucas was thrown out of the game for flunking a vocabulary test with the referees. But wait! Neal into the dressing room. Neal into the game. Neal 13 points in 16 minutes.

Owens, too, has provided R and R for the front line both at forward and center. A skinny and much-traveled ABA veteran who once was labeled "the advance man for a famine," Owens has



"Awesome" is Ramsey's word for the Blazers and the Blazers' word for their coach's taste in pants.

found a home in Portland, where he has used his intelligence as well as his passing and scoring ability (13 games in double figures) to blend into the Blazer system. "Playing 12 minutes here is like playing 20 anywhere else, the center participates so much," Owens says.

As any of the local woodchoppers would tell you, however, there is another center who must participate for the Blazers to continue devastating the NBA. Though he does not lead the league in rebounding or blocked shots, as he has before, Bill Walton is playing a more complete defensive game. With the maul pin having been removed from his left wrist, Walton is also varying his offensive game to a great extent, setting up on the right side, hooking both ways. "The difference is I have two hands now instead of one," he says. "Two hands for shooting, passing, carrying the groceries, everything."

Also for shielding his privacy from the dastardly designs of the horrible, prying media. The other day at the airport Walton put both hands over the lens of a TV camera when a national network tried to take a picture of older son Adam, who was there to meet the Blazers' plane.

Be that as it may, Walton seems more relaxed and comfortable with the opposition, which is to say anyone unacquainted with the Grateful Dead. Last week, between favoring a banquet au-

dience with some self-mockery, smashing a journalist in the face with a marshmallow pie on McKinney's closed-circuit pregame show and admitting he was "happy and excited" to be going to the All-Star Game, Walton gave the impression that he has finally accepted more responsibility in the public sector.

Walton always has maintained a joyful spontaneity with coaches and teammates. No longer "the Chief," a moniker that seemed to hold contrary meanings he didn't appreciate, Walton has been renamed "Beaver" (by Twardzik)—not in tribute to his teeth but after his middle name, Theodore, which was Beaver Cleaver's real name on *Leave It to Beaver*.

In practice last week Beaver and Fudd and the rest of the once and future champions interrupted their march toward immortality long enough to ridicule anew the vivid ensembles of "our bald-headed emperor," to play soccer against the scorer's table and to balance as many balls as they could on the basket rim. The Blazers piled 10 up there before all the balls came tumbling down.

"What is the purpose of this?" said Ramsay, who had wandered over to investigate the uproar.

"Guinness Guinness," called out Walton, referring to the book of world records. Which was only fitting. **END**

HIGH TIDE WASHES OVER VOLS

Coonskin caps and 'Big Orange' water weren't nearly enough for Tennessee in its swimming summit with Alabama

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

If elections were held today to choose the most unbeloved college swim team, Tennessee would win in a landslide. The Vols wear coonskin hats and grumpy orange suits, march about with military precision and refuse to nod at opponents, much less speak to them. The most disturbing thing about the Tennessee boys, though, is that they swim so fast, fast enough to have won the last six Southeastern Conference championships. They also cracked the top four at the NCAAAs in each of those years.

All this helps explain what happened last Saturday when Alabama beat the Vols in a dual meet in Tuscaloosa. The home team clinched the meet with two events to go, and the 1,200 fans, shoe-horned into Alabama's steamy natatorium, stopped just short of singing, "Ding-dong, the wicked witch is dead."

What was most surprising about 'Bama's 63-50 win was not that it happened, but how it happened. The Crimson Tide has been second to Tennessee in SEC meets for three years, but it is a national power, too, and two years ago it stunned the Vols 65-48 at home to snap a Tennessee winning streak of 85 dual meets. Last year, after losing 57-56 at Knoxville and settling for its accustomed runner-up spot in the SEC, Alabama outscrambled its conference rival for second place in the NCAAAs behind Southern Cal, which won its fourth straight title. But Tennessee seemed stronger than ever this year, boasting enough talent, some felt, to overtake USC and become the first SEC school to win



Bama's Mike Curington had reason to cheer with two firsts and a strong 400 medley showing

an NCAA team title. As for Alabama, the only way it figured to embarrass the Vols again was to get an all-conquering performance from senior Jonty Skinner, its South African-born sprint star.

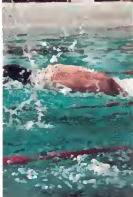
It did not work out quite that way. Mike Curington, with two individual wins in addition to an impressive relay performance, was the big man for Alabama. Skinner, meanwhile, swam a strong anchor leg to help 'Bama get a critical meet-opening win in the 400-yard medley relay, but he was outdueled in his 100 freestyle specialty by Tennessee sophomore Andy Coan. Alabama made up for Skinner's loss by winning seven of the 13 events and collecting some unexpected second-place points. Skinner, though also beaten in the 50-yard freestyle, joined in the general jubilation over the Alabama victory. "It doesn't matter how we do it," he said, "just as long as we beat Tennessee."

Such passions once would have been unthinkable in the SEC, where swimming has not always been highly regarded. It was not so long ago, in fact, that the SEC was lucky enough to have

sneaked a team into the top 15 in the country. That situation began to change in 1968 when Tennessee, which had dropped the sport 15 years before, entrusted its revived program to Ray Bussard, a homespun ex-high school football coach with show biz in his bones.

In dealing with his swimmers, Bussard rules the waves, subjecting them to strict dress codes and curfews. Bussard also is innovative. To develop height and distance on starts, he has his swimmers dive into the water from the second row of bleachers situated a few feet from pool's edge. Faced with an alternative of broken ankles, Bussard-trained swimmers almost invariably have explosive starts. Partly for this reason, Tennessee teams have been rich in sprinters. The current crop is especially strong, including seniors Bob Sells and Tom White and juniors John Ebuna and John Newton, all of whom are past or potential NCAA finalists. Matt Vogel, who won the 100-meter butterfly at Montreal, is another talented Vol.

Then there is Andy Coan. In 1975, as a 17-year-old Fort Lauderdale schoolboy,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUETHER

rived four years ago after a stint in the South African Army. Skinner won the NCAA 100-yard freestyle title as a freshman but could not compete in the '76 Olympics because of South Africa's status as an international sports outcast. Skinner watched on TV as Jim Montgomery won the 100-meter free at Montreal in a world-record 49.99. Then, three weeks later in Philadelphia, Skinner swam a 49.44, a world record that still stands.

Past Alabama-Tennessee meets have generated their share of controversy. During Skinner's freshman year, for example, Gambrell became incensed when Bussard had his swimmers try to lure the Alabama star into a second—and disqualifying—false start in the 50-yard free. During Alabama's big win at home two years ago, on the other hand, Bussard complained when Gambrell put the Tennessee team right next to the band—and in front of a drafty doorway.

There was some gamesmanship last week, too. First, Tennessee Captain Bob Sells emptied a bottle of "Big Orange" water into the pool, something the Vols do at all away meets. The crowd hooted. After that an Alabama bruiser in combat boots placed an orange on a starting block and stomped it. The hoots turned to cheers.

In so heady an atmosphere it was perhaps not surprising that the home team won the opening 400-yard medley relay, which had been considered a toss-up. Relays at dual meets are worth seven points, and if Tennessee had won this one, Bama's 63-50 win would have become a 57-56 Vol victory. The time, 3:24.05, was the fastest in the nation this season.

Besides Skinner's free-style leg, the winners got a strong butterfly leg from Curington, a senior from Birmingham. Fighting off a recent strep infection, Curington also took the 200 individual medley in 1:54.39 and the 200 butterfly in 1:52.72. Equally gratifying for Alabama was the showing of Olympian Casey Converse, who took the NCAA title in the 1,650 freestyle last season as a freshman but has been struggling this year. Foll-

owing upset plans by Tennessee's Kent Martin. Converse beat him in both the 1,000 and 500. Converse's times were 9:19.79 and 4:34.94.

The Volunteers' brightest moments came—not surprisingly—in the sprints. Newton momentarily silenced Alabama partisans by edging Skinner in a swift (20.67) 50, and Coan won the 200 in 1:40.21 before taking the 100 in 45.12, just .08 ahead of an outbursting Skinner. Those were the two fastest 100s in the country this year, and Coan defied Bussard's ban on such pleasantries by actually exchanging congratulations with Skinner in the water. Later he tried to explain: "Jonty swam over to congratulate me, and I couldn't very well..." His voice trailed off.

Despite its defeat, Tennessee may still be better suited than Alabama (11-1) for the rigors of both the SEC championships, to be held two weeks from now at Auburn, and the subsequent NAAs. With much of their strength in the 50 and 100, the Vols suffer a bit under the dual-meet format, which allows no more than two members of any team to score in an event. At the conference and national meets, by contrast, Tennessee could conceivably score four or five men in each of those events.

But Bussard finds little comfort in any of that. "I'm worried," he said after the loss to Alabama. "We just didn't seem to have much Tennessee fight today." Bussard's concern was understandable. When you show up in Tuscaloosa, Ala. wearing coonskin hats, sprinkling "Big Orange" water and doing all those other unlovable things, Tennessee fight is what you need more than anything else. **EW**

Coan won the world championship and briefly held the world record in the 100-meter freestyle. He enrolled at Tennessee last year, but poor high school grades made him ineligible as a freshman. Finally this fall he helped the Vols get off to a 10-0 start in dual-meet competition while plotting his return to the top.

Alabama's approach to swimming is a bit different from Tennessee's. Talk of discipline is heard somewhat less frequently in Tuscaloosa, where swimmers felt free to toss kickboards at one another during a workout last week, right under the eye of Coach Don Gambrell. Hired in 1973 with the mission of beating Tennessee, Gambrell notes, perhaps unnecessarily, that his approach differs from Bussard's. "I believe in hard work, too," Gambrell says, "but I don't think it has to be regimented the way Ray does it."

But Gambrell is far from easygoing when it comes to recruiting, going to legendary lengths for prospects. His current Alabama team includes athletes from Australia, Puerto Rico and Hong Kong, not to overlook Skinner, who ar-



NOW THE RAZORS HAVE THE EDGE

It was high-ranked Texas and high-ranked Arkansas in a good old Southwest Conference shoot-out—except this time the sport was basketball. The Hogs avenged this season's only loss, but not before the 'Horns nearly hooked 'em **by LARRY KEITH**

The Southwest Conference, home of the Aggie joke and the wishbone offense, has finally discovered the basketball. It is round, it bounces and it goes through a hoop—especially at Arkansas and Texas. In fact, the rampaging Razorbacks and the long-legged Longhorns played a game in Fayetteville last week that was something of a radical departure for the SWC, because it was just as important to the national rankings as it was to the league standings. The game was a typical Southwest shoot-out, except there were no goalposts.

"People are calling this a happening," said Longhorn Coach Abe Lemons. "I don't think I've ever been to a happening before." But it was, and Lemons' team was the reason. Just as a loss to Texas had kept Arkansas from being unbeaten and No. 1 in football, so, too, a 75-69 defeat last month at Austin prevented the Razorback basketball team from being undefeated and top-ranked. The Hogs were second in both the conference and the country, while the surprising 'Horns were first and 12th.

When Lemons arrived at Texas from Pan American University last year, it was expected that he would improve Longhorn basketball, but not quite this soon and certainly not this much. Lemons could tell a funny story, it was agreed—but could he really coach? The answer to that question has been surprising to anyone who thought each game would bring a laugh from Abe and result in a laughter for his opponent. When he wants to, Lemons can chew out players, harangue officials, criticize the opposition and turn off the media as well as any coach. He wants to beat you, likes to beat you, even can beat you. And he does it with a style and a smile that baffle his younger, more gung-ho colleagues. Lemons would rather sit in a motel room with a glass in his hand and a story on his lips than attend practice or watch film or dabble in X's and O's, but underneath he

cares as much as any of those guys who can't let go of their clipboards. "This is just the way I work," he explains.

And the way he works works. After three straight losing seasons, Texas was 13-13 last season and 17-2 before the Arkansas game, the losses being a one-pointer in the season opener at Southern California and a nine-pointer at Marquette. "I don't care what anybody tells you," the Longhorns' leading scorer

Jim Krivacs says, "Lemons has out-coached everybody."

Conference coaches agree that Texas has a better record than its talent would seem to allow. Krivacs is strictly a shooter, and an average one at that, but he fills Lemons' desire for a long-range, damn-the-defense gunner. Forward Ron Baster handles the inside scoring and rebounding, and Guard John Moore manages to have his hand in a little bit of



Murciaff (32) Arkansas top scorer and rebounder, is usually the Hogs' hero, but against the Horns Schall (rear) tipped in with eight crucial points

everything. "We're as big a surprise to me as we are to everybody else," Lemons says. "After we win, nobody ever says anything nice, but I don't blame them. We can look bad winning and terrible losing."

Winning has not been as much a problem for Lemons as has adjusting to his new location. Because his two previous schools, Oklahoma City and Pan American, were isolated independents, he was his own boss, playing whom he wanted, when he wanted, where he wanted, and always saying what he wanted. At Texas it is not always that way, and Lemons feels like a wild horse under saddle for the first time. "Coming into a conference has been a revelation to me," he says. "It's like two different worlds. There's too many people to answer to, too many memos to write, too many meetings to go to. There are even people at the school who don't really care if we win or lose. They're not used to winning in basketball, and they don't need the money."

One person who can appreciate what Lemons is going through is Eddie Sutton, who experienced similar frustrations when he moved to Arkansas three years ago after five seasons at Creighton. Now he is able to look back and say, "We've been able to create an enthusiasm that nobody thought was possible. When we lose, people in the state go into mourning. Merchants even tell me business goes down."

If Lemons is the droll cowboy in boots and leisure suit, Sutton is the janitor executive on the way up. Their goals may be the same but their approaches and philosophies contrast sharply. Sutton believes in long hours of work and attention to detail. His players wear reversible practice jerseys that say DISCIPLINE on one side and DEDICATION on the other, and the seats of their pants read DEFENSE, which they play with nonstop zest.

Lemons' evaluation of Sutton says a lot about both men: "We're the same kind of people, but he just doesn't want to remember that he had an outhouse in his backyard, too. Eddie takes it too seriously. He thinks he's more important than he really is." Will Rogers, meet Jimmy Carter.

Sutton has built his success at Arkansas—the Razorbacks were no slouches last season, going 26-2—around the play of junior Sidney Moncrief and seniors Marvin Delph and Ron Brewer. All three are homegrown, all three are 6'4", all

three are black, all three are all-conference or better. There the similarities end. Moncrief is the leaper, Delph the bomber, Brewer the leader. Off the court, Delph has four Bibles and Brewer has four girl friends. (Delph prefers the King James version and Brewer the one back home in Fort Smith.) Moncrief, meanwhile, is a one-woman man, and he has the team's best stereo system.

"Each of us knows our role, and we don't try to take over anybody else's," says Moncrief. "On some clubs, players get mad at each other and friction starts. But there's none of that here. The only thing that bothers me is when people talk about how intense I am, as if intensity is all I have. I'd like to think I've got a little basketball talent."

More than a little, to be sure, because he leads the Hogs in both scoring (17.8) and rebounding (8.4). Numbers that high do not come from mere doggedness. Brewer is tops in steals and is averaging 17.5 points per game, while Delph is a phenomenal 57% shooter from anywhere in the Ozarks and carries a 16.8 average. Help comes from two big men, 6'11" Steve Schall (11 points, six rebounds) and 6'7" Jim Counce, a demon on defense.

Before last week's game, Sutton thought that his team might win by 20 to 25 points. "We've got everything in our favor," he said, and it was hard to dispute him. In addition to the revenge motive, Arkansas had a 19-1 record, the best in the country, a 25-game home victory streak and the psychological advantage of knowing it had to win to draw even with Texas in the conference race. Furthermore, the Razorbacks were playing with three days' rest, while the travel-weary, flu-bugged Longhorns had played and won four games—by a total of only 10 points—in the previous eight days. Most important of all, as even Lemons admitted, "Arkansas has the best team in the league." Did Texas have anything in its favor? "Oh, yeah," said Abe, talking on the whole town of Fayetteville, "after the game we can go home, and they have to stay here."

The prospect of seeing the hated Longhorns in Burnhill Arena had the Arkansas campus in a dither. When the last 500 tickets went on sale the day of the game, 1,500 undergraduates stormed the student center and did \$1,000 worth of damage. To keep the frenzy at a high pitch, the Arkansas cheerleaders staged a pep rally just before the game and ev-



For Abe it was close—75-71—but no cigar

everyone placed an order for that Chinese delicacy, "Woo Pig Soole."

Against all these odds, Texas battled to a 41-38 lead at the half and stretched it to 53-42 before five minutes were gone in the second half. Then Arkansas came back in a rush, led by unlikely heroes Schall and freshman Ulysses Reed, and a very likely one in Delph. Schall and Reed each scored eight points in the second half, and Delph made 14 of 21 shots for a game-high 30 as Arkansas won 75-71.

There was much rejoicing among the Razorbacks, which prompted Lemons to note sourly, "We must be getting better. You would have thought they had beaten the Celtics. After the game here last year they hissed us."

Nobody hissed this time, but Schall did say, "When we lost to them at Texas, I think it made them think they were better than they really are. Now I believe we've brought them down to size."

Still, neither team has beaten the other soundly, and it will probably take the finals of the conference tournament to determine the SWC champ. Sutton insists that his team is much the better of the two and will prove it there, but Lemons is starting to act as if he is not so sure about Arkansas' being too powerful for Texas. The Southwest Conference went 34 years without a basketball shoot-out of national significance, and now it could have three in one season. That's two more than Darrell and Frank had in even their best years.

WHIPPING THE CREAM OF THE CROP



The snow looked a lot like a Bavarian dessert, but Stenmark and Moser-Proell made sweet work of the championships

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

This was, as they might say in a Bavarian pastry shop, eine *Ski-Weltmeisterschaft mit Schling*, a World Ski Championship smothered in whipped cream. From the first day—and for days and days to follow—snow fell on the Alps above Garmisch-Partenkirchen until three feet of it lay soft and thick as beaten cream over the ricecourses. This caused all kinds of problems for all kinds of people, most notably the U.S. ski team and Austria's Franz Klammer, formerly the world's premier downhill racer.

For the winners, of course, it was all sweet *Schling*. Ingemar Stenmark, the taciturn Swedish slalomist, swept to two gold medals and proved that even if he is a man of no words, he is surely the best man now skiing in the world. And among women, the same was proved true of Annemarie Moser-Proell, the relentless Austrian who un-retired last season, for "financial reasons," to bail out the faltering café she owns in the Salzburg region. She won two gold medals and a bronze, a parlay that, under the going rates offered by the Austrian Ski Federation to its "amateur" racers, was worth a cool \$35,000. Then came the splendid performance of the two teams from the neighborhood—Austria and Germany—which together ate up the championships like so much strudel, winning 12 of 24 medals. And, as a final touch, little Liechtenstein (pop. 24,000) won five medals, or exactly as many as the U.S., France, Switzerland and Italy combined (pop. 332 million).

Displaying the smooth technique that should soon influence the world, Stenmark won both slaloms

The 1978 FIS championships opened with splashy ceremony in the ski-jump stadium that Hitler built for the 1936 Winter Olympics, the last really major sporting event to be held in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. A field of 304 racers—185 men, 119 women from 35 nations—had entered the competition, some of them rank strangers to ski racing. Cyprus was there, as were Libya, Ireland and the Republic of China (Taiwan). The Taiwanese team produced two of the more memorable runs in ski-racing history. Lin Chi-lung started 101st in the men's giant slalom and, with elbows high and knees stiff, made a leisurely series of turns down the course, then suddenly fell. One of his ski poles broke, but he got up laboriously, returned to the course and continued his meandering progress to the finish, crossing the line scant seconds before racer No. 102 caught up to him. Lin smilingly told reporters who flocked around him that he had taken up skiing only three months ago and that his name meant "tree of good thinking." In the women's slalom the next day, Lin's teammate, Hsu Yu-lung, started 74th, plunged out of the starting hut into the first turn and fell, ending a run of less than three seconds.

Before the meet began, the Alps had been plagued with a shortage of snow and trucks had been hauling it in from the high passes to pack the courses. But the series of storms created quite another kind of problem. The first event was the men's downhill, and the course lay sluggish under soft new snow. More snow was falling, and a cloud bank against the mountain obscured visibility. An enormous crowd of more than 50,000 had massed along the two-mile course. They had come to see the dashing Klammer, darling of the 1976 Olympics, run what he had promised would be his last victorious race before retiring. It seemed reasonable: in the past, Klammer had dominated his event, winning an unprecedented 21 races since 1975. He had been a bit luckluster this year, losing four of five events, facing tough competition from the Italian veteran, Herbert Plank, and a rising Austrian teammate, Sepp Walcher. But in training at Garmisch, Klammer seemed to be back in peak form. On his last warmup run he was timed in a spectacular 2:01.35. The course was easy, even fairly flat by the hair-raising standards of truly first-class downhills. The soft snow might have

been a less critical factor on a steeper course, but Olympic and world championship downhills are always relatively tame so that the steel-elbow dilettantes from Taiwan, Libya and Cyprus will not kill themselves.

Klammer started 10th. Walcher, starting fifth, had the best time, 2:04.12. Klammer leaped out of the gate as if he were being chased by the same demons that pursued him to his gold medal in Innsbruck, but he was not far down the course when it was clear that this was not to be the day he would retire in triumph. Earlier racers had cut a deep track

through the heavy snow and Klammer was unable to follow his own line, which varied by a foot or two at critical gates. He lost a few split seconds at the top, a few more at the bottom. Still, he said later, "I was sure I was doing the best race I had ever run. Then when I came into the finish area, I heard there was not so much noise from the crowd. That was the first I knew that maybe something was wrong." What was wrong was his time, a 2:04.77 for fifth place.

Walcher, a broad-faced mountain boy from Schladming who had perfected his technique by watching videotapes of

continued

Generous in victory, Austria's Moser-Proell allowed that she would pop for the champagne.





After studying videotapes of teammate Klammer in racing action, Austria's Walter (above) bounced to a win in the downhill. Franz showed liver form but finished back in fifth place. Maybe it was his skis



SKIING continued

Klammer, was followed by Germany's Michael Veith, a usually mediocre racer who ran the race of his life for his countrymen. In third was another Austrian, Werner Grissman, who had spent the night before with Walcher playing their starting numbers on roulette tables in a Garmisch casino—and winning not a Pfennig. The best American was Andy Mill, who had been a strong fifth on his last training run. But on race day his skis were badly prepared for the conditions, and he wallowed down the hill in 22nd place. Klammer also had said that he thought his skis were not quite right for soft snow. Then, as the week went on and the snow got deeper, there was more and more talk of a mysterious new soft-snow ski bottom that had been developed by Kaestle for the racers using that company's skis—and, sure enough, by the end of the week Kaestle skiers had taken an amazing seven medals. Whether the mystery surface made the final infinitesimal difference may never be determined, but the intricacy of ski technology is approaching the finicky precision of race cars, and last week there were many skiers who blamed bad races on skis that did not run well in soft snow.

As for Klammer, the day after the race he was pink-eyed and pale from drowning his sorrows, but he was cheerful enough. He said his retirement was officially off and that he would finish this season. "I want to prove I am the best," he said, "and only a whole season can decide a champion, not one race on a course that should not have been used." He said that he would retire "for sure, for sure" before the 1980 Olympics and join the U.S. pro racing tour.

Meanwhile, the bad weather turned positively Siberian. After an abortive attempt to start, the women's downhill was canceled because of deep snow and fog on the run. In only slightly better conditions the next day, the sturdy American Cindy Nelson, who won a bronze medal at Innsbruck, was the first starter. It was a miserably unlucky position, for she would have to plow much of the track through fresh snow. Still, despite the bad starting position and knees which were still sore from a recent injury, Nelson managed to finish fifth. And that was as good as the U.S. women got in Garmisch: in a meet rampant with spills and tears, the next best American finish was a dismal 12th.

But when it came to women in Gar-
continued



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MERIT

Kings & 100's

misch last week, there was one who dominated all. When she retired after the 1975 season, Moser-Proell had just won her fifth straight World Cup title and was newly married to a handsome Atomic ski representative. She sat out the Innsbruck Olympics happily enough, it seemed, then just before last season she announced her return to racing. Her coach, Erich Sturm, said, "It is no secret that Annemarie came back mainly for financial reasons, but she also felt her life wasn't satisfying without racing." She was out of condition last season, but this year she was fit and eager. She won three of five World Cup downhill and came into Garmisch as the favorite.

On the day of the race she selected extra-long, 225 cm. skis that had also been made into extra heavy. "They are more difficult to negotiate, but faster on a course such as this," she said. At the top, a German coach kept up a steady fusillade of psychological shots, muttering darkly about the difficulty of so much new snow and the problems inherent in using such long and heavy skis. Annemarie started 10th. The course was well packed by then and she bombed through the first three-quarters. Then, on the fifth gate up from the bottom, her left ski skidded wildly. She fought the extra-heavy weight, managed to bring it under control again and finished in 1:48.31—the best time at that point. Convinced that her mistake would mean victory to some racer still to come behind her, she viciously stabbed a ski pole in the snow. The 11th racer, Germany's Irene Epple, flushed down to great roars from the partisan crowd. But she finished .24 of a second behind Moser-Proell—and no one came closer.

After the race, Moser-Proell bubbled in an interview over Austrian radio. "Everyone who is listening in my cafe right now can pop a free bottle of champagne."

If Moser-Proell was queen of the mountain, then Stenmark was clearly the king. At midweek he was the odds-on favorite to win the giant slalom. His chief threats were Andreas Wenzel, a new young star from Liechtenstein, Heim Hemmi of Switzerland and Phil Mahre of White Pass, Wash., the best of the U.S. racers. Mahre, who had beaten Stenmark twice last year, made a strong first run and finished in 1:36.62—better than anyone except the super Swede. Stenmark swept down in a stunning 1:35.45. That put him beyond reach, but Mahre seemed to have a silver medal when his

grasp. But no. Thus, too, was a course smothered in Schlag, and Mahre's skis smothered sluggish in the second run. He slipped back to fifth place, a scant .38 of a second (roughly the length of a ski) behind the jubilant Liechtenstein silver medalist Wenzel and .19 of a second behind Wenzel's teammate, the veteran Willie Frommelt.

Stenmark's performance in the giant slalom was monumental—two runs made with such elegant control that he left his competition more than two seconds behind. It was widely agreed that Stenmark now has revolutionized the technique for slalom racing, replacing the tougher, aggressive style of four-time World Cup winner Gustavo Thoeni (who was 24th) with his own lovely "Wiener Wälder slalom," as one German writer phrased it.

Despite Stenmark's brilliance over several years, this was his first gold medal in Olympic or world championship competition. He had been a favorite at Innsbruck, but fell in the slalom, and he got only a bronze in the giant slalom. Ever since, skeptics had insisted that Stenmark was born to choke in big races. He has never been a favorite with the European press anyway, being about as colorful as a Swedish meatball. Most questions are answered with a stony "Ich weiss nicht." A reporter for the Paris *Herald Tribune* launched a determined search last week for an amusing anecdote—any amusing anecdote—about Stenmark. The best he could come up with was the one about the time Ingemar took a long-distance call from Sweden and spent 10 minutes with the telephone receiver at his ear, sometimes nodding, sometimes shaking his head, but never once uttering a word until he said goodbye and hung up.

Stenmark has no girl friend, drinks not a drop of alcohol and when he goes home to Tärnaby, a tiny village in Swedish Lapland, his favorite pastime is to take a 20-mile jog through the woods—alone. Occasionally, he becomes downright gregarious and goes fishing with his father, a bulldozer driver.

But if he writes no legends with his life-style off skis, Stenmark is the stuff of legends when he is on them. The slalom at Garmisch was set on a killingly steep mountainside, one of the toughest courses in years. In the first run alone, no fewer than six of the top-seeded 15 skiers fell or skidded off the course, including Phil Mahre and Thoeni, while Andreas Wenzel

made such a bad mistake that he merely coasted down the course to preserve his gold medal in the combined. Of the entire field of 102 entries, only 45 finished the horrendous first run. Not Stenmark. He attacked with his usual elegance and power and finished in 51.56. Only one racer, Piero Gros, the aggressive Italian, was ahead of him in 51.29.

In the second run, the inevitable occurred. Stenmark cracked down in 47.98 while a rough-skiing Gros tried to force his way through the gates by sheer muscle and could do no better than 48.91. That gave Ingemar his second gold medal, by .66 of a second. No one could doubt that he is the finest skier of his day—and no one would doubt again the size of his courage and the strength of his will when it came to winning the big ones.

Behind Stenmark and Gros came still another Liechtensteiner, Paul Frommelt, the younger brother of Willie. With the two Frommelt bronze medals, Wenzel's gold in the combined and silver in the giant slalom, and sister Haneli's silver in the combined, the tiny principality moved into third place behind Austria and Germany, for the rest of the championships belonged almost exclusively to local talent from those two neighbors (The Americans did not come away entirely empty-handed. Sun Valley's Pete Patterson, 20, had finished 25th in the downhill and eighth in the giant slalom. His 23rd spot in the slalom, Sunday's closing event, gave him enough points to win a bronze medal for the combined.)

In the women's slalom, a small child-like Austrian, Lea Soellner, won the gold—her first victory in two years of World Cup competition. The silver went to Germany's Pamela Behr, with Monika Kaserer of Austria third. In the women's giant slalom, Maria Epple of Germany brought a hailside full of Germans leaping off their feet when she streaked down for a gold medal. Her older sister Irene had come out of the 26th starting position to lead the field after the first run, but she faded slightly to finish fourth. The favorite, Lise-Marie Morerod of Switzerland, was second, the nonpareil Moser-Proell third.

Thus it was Eki-Weinmeisterschaft that turned into a triumph for the home teams, a triumph for the silent Swede, a triumph for the champagne lady from Kleinarl, and a triumph for the smallest nation in the world. But most of all, it was a triumph mit Schlag. **END**

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A WHOLE LOT OF HOOPLA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HEINDEL

There are only 40 minutes of playing time in a college basketball game, but many hours go into making a midwinter Saturday night contest the festive highlight of the week on campuses all around the country. Though they have been practicing their numbers for months, cheerleaders and bandmen (top right) still arrive at the arena early for a final tune-up. And the students, who at many schools occupy the cheap seats on a first-come, first-served basis, often begin lining up outside the night before the crucial conference games, which occur almost weekly at this time of the season. When the doors finally swing open an hour before the tip-off, the early birds are rewarded with a head start in the race toward getting the best seats to watch another enactment of America's favorite winter sports spectacle.





Big-time basketball is a mix of uproarious excitement and quiet reflection. Pregame introductions are not complete without leaping cheerleaders, boisterous applause and, at Kansas, the Jayhawk looking on. And no big win is clinched until the victors cut down the nets. Deep thinking by the coaches at halftime may lead to triumph, but it is the losers who do the pondering once time has run out.





THE TRADITION

Nowhere is college basketball a bigger spectacle than at Kansas, where every game evokes vivid memories of Naismith, Allen and Chamberlain

by LARRY KEITH

Everyone who is at all interested in athletics is now talking basketball, yet it does not stop here. Those who hitherto have manifested no interest in any sport of skill and strength seem now to be enthusiastic over the new game.

UNIVERSITY WEEKLY
LAWRENCE, KANSAS
DEC. 10, 1898

From the very beginning, basketball has always been something special at the University of Kansas. A few schools may win more games or attract larger crowds or produce more All-Americans, but no one, not UCLA, not Kentucky, not Indiana, has a legacy to equal Kansas. This is the school where James Naismith and Phog Allen coached, where Clyde Lovellette and Wilt Chamberlain played, and where Adolph Rupp and Dean Smith learned their trade. This is also the school where students shout "Rock chalk, Jayhawk, KU!" and nobody asks what it means.

The Jayhawk is a mythical bird, a 65-pound costume worn with great difficulty, but there is nothing phony about the tradition it represents. And when Kansas plays archival Kansas State in Lawrence, that tradition consumes the KU campus. Snob Hill vs. Silo Tech, as the two schools are known in their home state, is the kind of game that gives college basketball excitement and intensity that most other sports rarely match. There are other great rivalries across the country, but for statewide interest, dirty tricks and institutional pride, this one is special.

The most recent reminder came three weeks ago when 15,790 people left the warmth of their homes and the convenience of their television sets to make the trip up Naismith Drive and into Allen Field House. The line for seats to the 7:35 p.m. game began forming at 1:30 a.m. in 9° weather when four Acacia fraternity brothers pitched tents in the snow, unrolled sleeping bags and uncorked a half-gallon jug of rum. At 4:30 a.m. other students joined the vigil to obtain tickets for the last 400 unserved seats, which did not go on sale until midmorning. For all of these hardy souls, the sacrifice was made worthwhile by an exciting 56-52 victory, the 114th by Kansas in the 185-game series.

The history of the rivalry—indeed the history of all basketball—goes back to Naismith, the man who invented the game at a YMCA training school in 1891 and began coaching it at Kansas in 1898. "Coaching" may not be quite the

right word, because Naismith once told his student and successor, Allen, "You don't coach basketball, you just play it." Being a minister and doctor by training, Naismith was more an advocate of spiritual and mental fitness than a teacher of technique. "So much stress is laid today on the winning of games," he wrote in 1914, "that practically all else is lost sight of, and the fine elements of manliness and true sportsmanship are accorded a secondary place." Not surprisingly, Naismith is the only one of Kansas' five coaches with a losing career record.

That did not prevent Naismith from being named to the Jayhawks' athletic Hall of Fame. In his case, the criterion that a coach had to have won a national championship was waived. Allen, on the other hand, was admitted on performance. Ted O'Leary, an all-conference player for Kansas in 1932, says, "Doc Allen convinced us we had an obligation to win."

It was Allen, the colorful, controversial osteopath, who turned Kansas into a basketball power. In 39 seasons (1908-09 and 1920-56) he won 24 conference titles, two Helms Foundation national championships and the 1952 NCAA tournament. He was also founding president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, the leader of the movement to make basketball an Olympic sport, and a severe critic of the AAU, NCAA, college football and Kansas State. His greatest tribute came from Naismith, who gave him a picture inscribed FROM THE FATHER OF BASKETBALL TO THE FATHER OF BASKETBALL COACHING.

Until Rupp passed him in 1967 with his 771st victory at Kentucky, Allen was also the winningest college coach in history. When he lost the distinction to his old player, Allen stayed in character by saying, "Bless his bones. If Rupp can count that high, he can have it."

Rupp warmed the bench on the national championship team of 1953, and Dean Smith was a sub on the 1952 NCAA winner. Both men proved to be better students of the game than players. Rupp taking Allen's fast break to Kentucky and Smith his pressure defense to North Carolina. Other outstanding coaches who played for Allen were Ralph Miller of Oregon State, who began this season fifth among active coaches with 411 victories, Dutch Lonborg, whose Big Ten titles in 1931 and 1933 are the only ones Northwestern has won, and Frosty Cox, whose Colorado team won the NIT in 1946. The list of luminaries would be even longer had Allen been successful in his attempt to recruit an Indiana schoolboy named John Wooden in 1928.

Lovellette and Chamberlain did come to Lawrence, along with other All-Americans, such as Walt Wesley, Jo Jo White

continued

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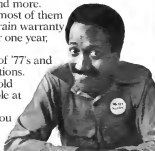
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TRADITION continued

and Bud Stallworth. Players like these have made the Jayhawks second to Kentucky in victories (1,140) and fifth behind UCLA, Ohio State, Kentucky and North Carolina in trips to the NCAA final four (six). Playing at various times in the Missouri Valley, Big Six, Big Seven and Big Eight conferences, the Jayhawks have won or shared 36 of a possible 70 league titles.

The Kansas tradition is so overwhelming that not only is the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass. named for Naismith, but it also includes eight Jayhawk players and coaches—more than from any other school. Indeed, it seems that almost everything that matters in the sport is somehow connected to the school. The national sales manager of Converse shoes, the director of the Piza Hut Classic, an extra in the movie *One on One* and the executive director of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes all attended Kansas.

All of this history and tradition are put to good use by the current coach, Ted Owens, and his staff when they go recruiting. One of their gimmicks is a picture of Allen Field House atop Mount Oread, with the faces of Naismith, Allen and Owens gazing from the side of the hill like the Presidents on Mount Rushmore. Actually, Allen Field House is at the foot of Mount Oread, which is hardly more than a bump on the landscape.

But there is nothing contrived about Owens' record. Since succeeding Dick Harp in 1964-65, he has won the Big Eight five times, gone to seven postseason tournaments and reached the final four twice. This year's team, with its 18-3 record and No. 8 ranking, is one of his best. "People talk about the other coaches who have been here, but Owens is the only one I've heard of," says freshman star Darnell Valentine. Oldtime Kansas fans would have cringed had they heard Valentine and another freshman, Wilmore Fowler, try to recall the name of the man who went from Kansas to Kentucky to the Naismith Hall of Fame. "Adolph Rump," said Valentine. "Rudolph Hupp," said Fowler. As for Naismith, Guard John Douglas asked recently, "Was he the dude who invented the ball?"

Senior Center Ken Koenigs is more familiar with the Kansas legend, because his father is an alumnus. "I'm a born and bred Jayhawk," he says. "I grew up lis-

continued

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tening to the games on the radio. The tradition is one of the reasons I came. I wanted to go somewhere where the students were knowledgeable and loved the game. That's the way it is here. When we finished fourth in the conference the last two years, it hurt the kids on campus as much as it hurt us."

Just such a student is Larry Hallenbeck, a senior chemical engineering major from Lawrence. In keeping with the family custom started by an older brother, Hallenbeck spends the night before every Kansas State game stationed outside the northeast gate of Allen Field House. If there are tickets available, he will charter an airplane to watch the Jayhawks play on the road. Hallenbeck is also president of the Big Mo Fan Club, Big Mo being a player named Paul Mokeshi, who has the size but not the talent of Chamberlain.

The vice-president of the club is freshman Tim Jones, and its only member without a title is freshman Kelly Knopp. "That's because I have the only other T shirt," said Knopp, one of the early birds on the line for the K-State game. And sure enough, he unbuttoned three outer layers of clothing to show off a blue shirt with red lettering that read "I'VE GOT 'BIG MO' MANIA. Hallenbeck formed the club this year, when Mokeshi finally began to show signs of becoming a solid player. "This means a lot if you waited three years for it to finally happen," the president explained.

Hallenbeck, Jones, Knopp and another Acacia fraternity brother, sophomore Tim Stewart, arrived at the field house in the wee hours after an evening of fortifying themselves in various pubs. They did not bring any food, but they had a \$12.57 bottle of Bacardi, a couple of Cokes, ice, swizzle sticks and drinking cups with the KU insignia. At 10 a.m. they emerged from their two tents after a night of testing each other's knowledge of KU basketball. When the icy temperatures froze their Cokes and made their ice unnecessary, they started taking their sustenance straight. "When you're sober your brain understands that it's cold," said Stewart, "but not when you're drunk." Stewart, understand, carries a 3.4 average in architecture.

By midday the four students were tired, hungry, cold and sober as judges. "We've got our priorities straight," said

Hallenbeck. "Basketball comes first, ahead of the fraternity and ahead of school. The Notre Dame fans think they're pretty good, but somebody ought to point out we've been doing this for almost 100 years. Did you know James Naismith coached here?"

Hallenbeck and his friends had their strategy planned to the minute. At 1 p.m., a fraternity brother will bring lunch. At 3:30 another one will come to take away the camping gear. At 5 the doors will open, and they will take the seats of their choice in the bleachers behind the Kansas bench. Their spirits had received a boost at 11:30 a.m. when Owens came to the door and gave them a wave. Earlier, during the team's game-day shooting practice, Owens had said, "If something like this doesn't inspire a team to play well, I don't know what can."

Such fanaticism can sometimes get out of hand. Kansas students have such a reputation for rowdy comrades behavior that they are now prohibited from sitting behind the opponent's bench. Homemade signs are also proscribed, but nonetheless in honor of this auspicious occasion, an artistic group from Grace Pearson Scholarship Hall worked up a bed sheet that showed K-State star Curtis Redding saying AS LONG AS I GET MY 30 POINTS, WHO CARES IF WE LOSE?

In the hours after the shooting practice, the players returned to their dorm to rest, and Owens went grocery shopping "to try to take my mind off the game." Meanwhile, the line outside the field house grew to several hundred students. Hallenbeck and his friends were able to prop themselves up against the door, where they were under cover, but farther back in line fans stood in the snow, wrapped in blankets and sleeping bags. Among them were two Kansas coeds and their boyfriends from Kansas State. "I borrowed an ID card for him, and we got in the line before dawn," one girl said. "He better get a ticket for me when we play in Manhattan."

As 5 o'clock approached, the crowd grew restless. There was rhythmic cheering—"Open the door! Open the door!"—and only a fool would have tried to break in up front. Because he was first in line, Hallenbeck was interviewed for the pregame television show. "Aren't we crazy," he said

Finally, at 4:49 11 minutes early and none too soon, the doors opened. Hallenbeck's ID was checked and his \$15 season ticket was punched. He went immediately to the sixth row of the bleachers and discovered to his disappointment that he was not the first person inside.

A few rows above him sat some Jayhawk baseball players who had come in early to "work security." Allen Field House is not worthy of protection merely as a historic site, in the last three years it has received \$1 million in improvements. Phog might not even recognize the place. The old raised court he knew has been replaced by a synthetic surface. The floor was sawed into 4 x 4- and 4 x 8-foot sections that were sold for \$25 and \$50 each as mementos. A local doctor bought enough pieces to build a wall in his house.

In the 2½ hours before the game started, the students passed the time reading, playing cards and hurling Frisbees and toilet paper. One good sit in the first row behind Owens' chair, so she would be in position to "hear him yell." Another student, a local boy from Lawrence, said he has been coming to Jayhawk games for years. "I got Jo White's sweatband and towel after his last game," he boasted. "I still have them at home."

When the Kansas team finally appeared at 7 o'clock, there were loud cheers. A few moments later, as Kansas State came onto the floor, there were loud boos. The Redding banner was unfurled and Curtis was pelted with hot dogs. Cheerleaders cheered, tumblers tumbled and the band played a '40s arrangement of *In the Mood*. Upon returning to the dressing room for last-minute instructions, the Jayhawks heard Owens say, "We have five seniors playing their last home game against K-State tonight. Let's make it a great occasion."

For most of the evening it was anything but. Kansas had to come from seven points behind to take the lead late in the game, and when that happened, all the spectators started waving their hands—in this as known as "Waving the Wheat"—in rhythm to the Jayhawk fight song. That was a sure sign that K-State had lost for the 14th time.

"We expected to win 95-52," Hallenbeck said, "but you take what you can get." It has been that way at Kansas for 79 years.

A NITE OVER THE BAR

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Little Franklin Jacobs is growing, but not as fast as his ability to astound purists with his record high jumps

At I: The AAU indoor track championships in New York a year ago, and high-jumping kingpin Dwight Stones is trying to organize a boycott of the meet. He has talked to all the high jumpers except one, and he is hollering, "Where is Jacob Franklin? Who is Jacob Franklin?"

Act II: A Miami magazine contacts Fairleigh Dickinson University. The magazine likes to do stories on good Jewish athletes and therefore would obviously be interested in an article on a student named Franklin Jacobs.

Act III: Franklin Jacobs is sloshing toward Mama Rosa's Pizzeria in Rutherford, N.J., fantasizing about how good a meal of spaghetti, Coke and Fleetwood Mac will be. People pass on the sidewalk and one says, "Hey, hiya, Jenkins." Jacobs-Franklin-Jenkins mutters, "That was close."

These are but a few of the many incongruities in the suddenly star-struck life of the 20-year-old from Paterson, N.J. who as recently as a year ago seemed a likely candidate for little more than a life of, say, moving furniture around in a Newark warehouse. Two years ago at this time he hadn't even seen a high-jump bar. Now, Franklin Jacobs—got it? Franklin Jacobs—says, "I've never reached a height I'm uncomfortable at."

Which is bad news for other high jumpers, including Stones.

Last month in Maryland, jumping for the first time this indoor season, Jacobs cleared 7' 6" as if it were an insignificant snowdrift outside Mama Rosa's; two days earlier he had been on crutches with chronic knee trouble. A fortnight ago, before the Millrose Games in New York, Jacobs was jittery "Madison Square Garden is one very big word," he said, temporarily losing count. "When you jump there, man, you're jumpin'." And he did. This bundle of nerves, the human spring with sweaty hands, cleared 7' 7¼" for a world indoor record. He beat, among others—glory be!—Stones. The outdoor world record, held by Vladimir Yashchenko of the U.S.S.R., is 7' 7½". Does Jacobs expect to break it? Next question.

Somewhere, Walter Mitty is on his feet applauding Franklin Jacobs and booing Randy Newman, who is making big bucks singing, "Short people got no reason to live." True, Franklin might have wondered at times what he had to live for when he was growing up in a poor household along with 10 brothers and sisters and four cousins. More important than anything, Jacobs is too short to high-jump. Everybody knows high jumpers are all 6' 4", six feet of which are their legs.

But how short is Jacobs? Well, not long ago at Fairleigh Dickinson, which is in Rutherford, N.J., he passed a medical clinic where they were measuring people's heights. He got in line and the nurse said, "Five feet, eight inches." Franklin went through the line two more times and the nurse finally said, "You're still five-eight. I don't think you are going to grow any more this afternoon."

But Jacobs thinks he's taller. Why else would he persist in ducking his head when he walks through doorways, just like the big boys? Anyway, the good news is that Jacobs may be growing just a mite. Backed up against the yellow wall in his dorm room, standing tall but with no shoes and no cheating, Jacobs is gaining

on 5' 9". More than anything, Jacobs thinks lofty thoughts.

Still, it defies reason and gravity to explain how he jumps so high. "Natural ability," says Jacobs. "But I wonder how I got natural ability?" No one knows, but because of it, he also holds the world record for inches jumped above one's own height: 23½". "Franklin was more friskier than all my other kids," says Jannie Jacobs, "but he ain't ever been no size. He walked when he was seven months old, which is pretty early. But he was so little, he just looked plumb ridiculous. People would come by to watch him 'cause he looked so funny. But Franklin, he done caught on that he was the star. Then he wouldn't walk until people give him a penny or a nickel. Then away he'd go, and everybody would fall down laughing."

Nobody is falling down laughing anymore. Part of the reason Stones was hollering for Jacob Franklin in Act I was that the AAU had messed up the name in the program, the AAU now knows better—and so does Stones. In fact, Stones now has a bad case of the prumbles when it comes to Jacobs. The Miami magazine in Act II understands more about Jacobs now, thanks to an explanation from Jay Horowitz, Fairleigh Dickinson's sports-information director, that "We would love for you to do a story on our Jewish star, Franklin Jacobs, but I am sad to report he is not of the faith." And people who think his name is Jenkins in Act III surely must be straightened out by now.

The first 18 years of Jacobs' life were uneventful. He was born in Mullins, S.C., and lived in a shack with his impoverished family. When he was three years old, Jannie Jacobs took Franklin and all the children to Paterson. Like lots of street kids, he ran and jumped and played, but nobody accused him of being a great athlete. "We never got in trouble," says Roy Frazier, one of Franklin's friends, "because our parents said if we did, we'd stay there 'cause they weren't getting us out."



PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN

In the fifth grade, a football coach introduced Franklin to join the team. First play he got his helmet knocked off and was dazed. "I was playing linebacker," says Jacobs, "but all the coach told me was the defense attacks the offense. What he didn't tell me was that the offense also attacks the defense." In high school, another football coach was impressed with Jacobs' speed. Says Jacobs, "He told me I was so fast I could just run down the field, jump up and catch the ball. What he didn't tell me is what could happen to me when I jumped up. I had to figure that out for myself, and I did." Therefore he didn't play football.

Basketball was—and remains—his first love. "I didn't have girl friends," he says. "My basketball was my girl friend." He thinks he's very good at the boops, maybe excellent, possibly great. Truth is, he's average. But he plays constantly, to the dismay of his track coaches. Several times he has been hurt on the court. A year ago, just after the NCAA indoor championships, he suffered serious cartilage damage to his right knee that almost certainly should have been operated on. But it wasn't, in large part because Franklin has no affection for the knife. He hurt himself again last month playing basketball on the eve of the indoor season. He estimates he has injured his knee nine times playing basketball. "I don't hurt my knee on purpose," says Jacobs, "but I'm so quick, sometimes my mind doesn't have time to give instructions to my knee." Fortunately, it's his right knee that is constantly being hurt; his high-jump takeoff leg is his left. "Maybe it helps me being hurt," he says. "Since I know my right leg is a problem, I put everything into my left."

In basketball, Franklin dunks with ease and says, "I get so much enjoyment jumping up and banging my head on the rim that I just can't stop. It's a pleasure inside." This is, of course, weirdo thinking, for if anything will keep Jacobs from jumping still higher, a basketball injury probably will be it. But his high-jump coach, Bill Monaghan, is stoic. "If he

continued

hurts himself, well, he hurts himself."

Jacobs is actually less bent on self-destruction than on simply enjoying himself dinging around at sports. When younger he played lots of playground basketball, ran footraces, tried everything. He still does. He'd love to play basketball at Fairleigh Dickinson even though

to be cajoled by Coach Bill Shipp to come out for the track team at Paterson East-side High. Jacobs finally agreed to give it a fling in his senior year—less than two years ago—after he rested for a week following the basketball season. But after three weeks had passed, Shipp still hadn't seen Jacobs. The coach cornered

Shipp and said, "I'm going to jump seven feet?" Says the coach, "No wonder he thought that, since six feet came so easy." "I knew my form wasn't just right," Jacobs says now, "but I also knew there was nothing to it."

Later, Shipp marveled, "Man, Franklin, you can jump. Let's teach you some technique." At which time Jacobs started missing, missing, missing. A chastened Shipp said, "O.K., do it your way. Just get over the bar." The youngster improved enormously. He cleared 6' 8" in high school and 7' 1" as a freshman at Fairleigh Dickinson. All this in sneakers, because he didn't realize there was such a thing as special high-jump shoes, which greatly increase traction. But when Jacobs finally got the fancy shoes in time for last spring's outdoor competition, he didn't want to wear them "because I couldn't stand the thought of getting them dirty." He overcame his devotion to cleanliness and went on to finish second to 6' 6½" Arizona State junior Kyle Arney in the NCAA championships. A week later Jacobs was second to Stones in the AAU championships, where he had a personal best of 7' 5¼".

Experts have a hard time talking about the Jacobs technique without wincing. He doesn't really jump the bar so much as he sort of flails over it backward. Even Franklin says, "I know what I do is slop compared to the Flop." Since Bill Fosbury popularized it at the 1968 Olympics the Flop has become the accepted high-jumping style, although straddle jumpers like Yashchenko have proven that their technique is far from passé. And now we have the Jacobs Slop, although its inventor is trying to refine the terminology. He would prefer it be called the Jacobs Slope—"More dignified, don't you think?" It begins with a conventional 13-step, curving approach to the bar. But then Jacobs throws himself upward, hurls his arms straight back over his head (sometimes even clapping his hands to remind himself to keep them out of the way), jackknifes, arches his back, does a few incidental aerial gymnastics and—presto! "Who's to say that his technique isn't the best and everyone else's is wrong?" says Monaghan. Arney says of Jacobs' style, "There is so much motion over the bar. A lot of things have to be just right for him to make it." Greg Joy, the 6' 4" Canadian who won the silver medal in Montreal and held the indoor record before Jacobs,



The "Jacobs Slop" was renamed the "Slope" after his indoor record jump of 7' 7½" two weeks ago.

the coaches don't think he's good enough; he'd like to triple-jump, long-jump, hurdle and run relays but the coaches don't want him to dilute his concentration. Head Track Coach Walt Marusyn says, "He's on the road to the Olympics but he doesn't understand it—yet." Monaghan has no intention of limiting Franklin's basketball. "I hate to take something away from a kid who loves it so much. Heck, maybe that's his first love."

For sure, high jumping wasn't. He had

ham, stuffed a uniform in his hands and said, "When I give a guy a uniform, he's supposed to practice." Jacobs was less than elated at trying the high jump and he told Shipp, "I'll try, but if I'm not good, I'll quit. Basketball is my game."

Shipp put the bar at 5' 10"; Jacobs was over by a ton. Then it was moved to 6' 1", a fair height for a team on which no one else could go better than six feet. Jacobs, with a five-step, head-on approach, was over easy. He turned to

says, "I think taller people are more in touch with the bar. I mean Franklin stands down there and it must be like looking at the moon."

Jacobs, who often has a bemused look when he's competing, gives such observations on his style and size the curl of his lip. "Being small, I have a lot of spring and I have more body control than those tall guys," he says. "The higher you jump, the less technique you need. When I get over the bar, I assume I had the best technique." In any event, Monaghan considers the approach 60% of the battle, converting horizontal speed to vertical lift 35%, and what goes on in midair only 5%. "By 1980," says Monaghan, "I hope he's a complete high jumper."

Jacobs doesn't like to talk about his jumping publicly because "I'm afraid if I think about it, I might not go any higher." But among friends, he says, "It's all speed, and I'm a computer. All I do is psych the bar out. I think, O.K., come out fast, hit the box, explode." That's it? "Yeah, except mostly I think about one thing—go high."

Franklin Jacobs was not sought by any colleges partly because he only high-jumped one year, partly because he had fallen in with some bad company, started cutting classes at Eastside and finally graduated distinction cum none. But Fairleigh Assistant Basketball Coach Dick Wiseman, who was trying to recruit another Eastside player, was impressed with Jacobs' jumping ability. While offering no scholarship help, Wiseman and Marusyn encouraged Jacobs to try to get a federal grant to pay his college bills at Fairleigh Dickinson. Once there, they said he could try playing basketball and then give track a whirl—if he wanted. What Jacobs really wanted was to start earning some money. "Franklin," said Wiseman, "you are weighing a stereo set against an education." To Jacobs, the stereo seemed to have the advantage but eventually Eastside guidance counselor Michael Spinelli convinced him otherwise. Despite his newfound fame, Jacobs has not cut his ties to Eastside or to Spinelli. Before a recent meet he dropped in on the guidance counselor to reassure him. "I have a bad knee but I'll beat everybody anyway," Jacobs said. Spinelli was not surprised. "Franklin has been sure of himself, forever."

Curiously, although he seems confident and oblivious to the psyching games that high jumpers engage in, Jacobs ad-

mits that "I'm scared to death of competition. My stomach muscles contract and I am miserable." That's why he's anxious to see a chiropractor who says he can take the fear out of him. But do you really think he can help you? "No," says Jacobs. Anyway, because of his fear, Jacobs looks for ways to avoid competing. Before leaving for the CYO meet in early January at the University of Maryland, he said he was hurt and couldn't go; then it snowed and he said he thought the roads were too icy; then he said he'd go but probably couldn't jump; then he got there and he didn't think he should jump. He leaned on a high hurdle and began arguing with himself. "Franklin, why should you jump if you're hurt? But are you hurt? What is wrong with you?" He concluded nothing. So he jumped, eventually cleared 7' 6" and was seemingly headed for a world record. At which time he bowed out of the competition. Why? "I asked myself if I was ready to hold the world record and I decided I could wait." Odd. He ended up second to Jny, who had gone on to win with a world indoor record of 7' 7".

At a hot-dog joint later, Jacobs was expansive. "Man, I feel good," he said. "I just got rid of a major problem." What? "Having to high-jump. Besides, going 7' 6" really proved something." What? "That I can go 7' 8"."

Arrogance often travels with Jacobs. A few weeks ago he won the New Jersey College Indoor Track and Field Championship by jumping 7' 1"—without taking off his warmups. To fellow competitors, that's the ultimate in brashness. It really ticks them off. But on the other hand, when an FDU coach gave Jacobs a T shirt that read MAKE NO MOVES, I'M OUT TO BEAT YOU, STONES Jacobs refused to wear it. He's not that arrogant.

But there is no question that Dwight Stones sticks in Franklin Jacobs' craw. First came the Jacob Franklin episode. Then there was Stones' refusal to pose for a magazine photo with Jacobs. And it continues to gail Jacobs that he was beaten in last year's AAU championship meet by Stones. All of which made victory over Stones in the Millrose Games especially succulent.

Back in Paterson, Janmie Jacobs is downright lonely with only six children at home. She earns \$126 a week as a presser and admits she told Franklin that if he broke the world record, she would give him a car. How can she afford it? "I

don't know. Every night I've been praying, 'Lord, I made a promise. Could you help?' " After Jacobs' world indoor record leap, Mrs. Jacobs said, "I'm praying harder now because I'm in a bunch of trouble. But I'll get that boy a car somehow. He's earned it." Suddenly, Jacobs appears and everyone is talking at once



Jacobs' leap of almost two feet above his head earned congratulations from 6' 8½" Kyle Arnes.

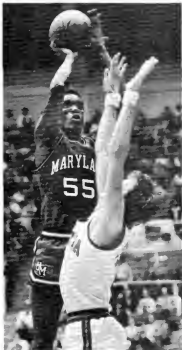
and the phone is ringing and the television is gabbling away. Jacobs spouts that "what I like about high jumping is you don't sweat." That prompts sister Eula, 21, to say, "Come on, Franklin, be for real."

Later, when Jacobs hears Randy Newman singing on a car radio about how little people "walk around telling great big lies," he is not amused. He much prefers the church song about climbing Jacob's ladder.

ENO

You don't know them, Al

No wonder Albert King isn't scoring—his mates act as if they haven't met him



Though he's top Terp, King averages only 14.

The most frequently repeated question of this basketball season is, "What ever happened to Albert King?" Since he began his illustrious career at Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton High in 1974, King's name has rarely been off the lips of New York basketball fans, so, naturally enough, it was there that his decline into semi-obscure was most keenly felt. King's playground buddies who take the RR subway to Fort Hamilton every morning have been enraged for the past couple of months. You can hear their complaints over the roar of the train, and invariably they reach the same conclusion. "Albert made a big mistake when he decided to go to Maryland."

And if the guys happen to run into King's best friend and adviser, Winston Kairim, on the street or at a party, they give him a rough time. "Hey, man," they say, "you really messed up Al's life, sending him down there to play for Lefty."

Lefty is Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell, who actually has the Nets' Bernard King to thank for convincing his younger brother that Arizona State was too far away and that Al would be better off going to Maryland. Although Driesell has been well criticized over the years—mainly for his failure to be Dean Smith—Maryland seemed appropriate for King because its teams are usually filled with big-city players who have gaudy reputations. Thus, Albert, the most intensely recruited high school player in many seasons, had reason to believe that he would fit in as well with the Terps as he would have at Arizona State.

"Maryland has a well-balanced team," he said last summer. "It has a lot of good players, and I won't have to do as much as I did in high school."

When the Terps got off to a 9-1 start and climbed to No. 14 in the polls, it seemed King had made a wise choice. In his third game he scored 22 points in a 91-87 victory over Georgetown. Yet, after those 10 games, King was averaging no more points than he is now (14), although he somehow remains Maryland's leading scorer. There has been a certain amount of talk that he was overrated. However, since those early games King has made enough dazzling shots and passes on the rare occasions when he has had the ball that those doubts have disappeared. It now seems clear that from the beginning he foresaw the con-

flicts his presence at Maryland would create and decided to curtail his shooting. That way he could ensure that he would not tread on the tender egos of some of his teammates.

"I'm not worrying about getting a lot of shots," he said as the season started. "I'm trying to fit in with this team... there are a lot of different personalities. I could be the whole thing. Some people would like me to take over. But my teammates are used to having the ball a lot, and I'm only a freshman. I don't figure I'll average many more than 12 shots a game this season. Getting personal attention is nice sometimes, but winning is better."

But suddenly the winning stopped, too. In its most recent 10 games Maryland has lost seven times, including a 66-64 defeat by Virginia last week, and tumbled to the bottom of the ACC with a 12-8 record. Worse yet is the gnawing feeling expressed by Forward John Bilney. "If we don't get our stuff in gear," he said, "we could lose the rest of our games. This team hasn't set a pick all year."

Maryland does lead the ACC, and perhaps the NCAA, in discord and petty jealousy, and therein lies the source of the team's drastic slide and King's disappearing act. From the opening week of practice Jo Jo Hunter and Bill Bryant, two sophomore guards with impressive high school credentials and unfulfilled egos, have neglected to pass the ball to King when he has been open on fast breaks or has worked himself into an advantageous position while running the Terp patterns. Locker-room shouting matches with Driesell have not changed Hunter and Bryant's attitudes, and their selfishness seems to be contagious. Against Virginia, freshman Ernest Graham ignored three teammates on a 4-on-1 break, barged in for the shot himself and was assessed an offensive foul.

Another divisive incident occurred in November when the academic troubles of Bilney, Hunter, Bryant and Censer Larry Gibson—all four were on probation at the time—received extensive coverage in the Washington papers, which implied that Maryland was recruiting academically unqualified athletes on a wholesale basis. A ridiculous \$72 million lawsuit was brought on behalf of the players against *The Washington Star* and *The*

Diamondback, a campus newspaper for invasion of privacy and "intentional infliction of mental distress." It succeeded in disorienting the matter further and certainly did not help the four to get to know and like their new teammates. Hunter, miffed at losing his starting position to freshman Greg Manning early in the season, skipped a practice and was suspended for a game. Bryant came to practice but he certainly didn't seem to be listening when the coaches talked about defense. Driesell was even forced to dismiss one of the Terp co-captains, Center Mike Davis, after the 6'8" senior refused to reenter a game with 24 seconds to play and the Terps already clearly on the way to an 80-73 defeat by North Carolina State.

"This team is not even together enough to have a party," Davis said. "Everyone is going through a head job. This just makes me a scapegoat."

On paper, Maryland looks like a powerhouse. Hunter, the houncey jump-shooter who averaged 16.9 points during the first 12 games of his freshman year, and Bryant, a muscular, 6'4" penetrator, should complement each other very well. But neither one can live without the ball, and both seethe when they don't get it enough. Manning, a deadly shooter, should have provided spark for the team. But he, too, has turned out to be something less than gregarious with the ball, which has added to the friction. Only Gibson and Forward Lawrence Boston, who are big, strong rebounders and capable scorers, are performing their roles.

Had the guards fulfilled their roles, King, a 6'6", 180-pound blade of a forward with uncluttered, lightning-fast moves and sound basketball instincts, would have fit in nicely. He is a friendly, unselfish kid who is as smart as a whip. It's simple—throw him the ball and he either scores quickly on a high-percentage shot or gives the ball back to you. None of the Terps have been willing to pass to King often enough to give this scenario a fair test. In light of that, Driesell, who can be faulted for recruiting players he seems unable either to control or change, might have tried to install what could be called "the Las Vegas spirit" in the Terps. In other words, everybody shoots whenever he wants, everybody else goes to the board to try to get a shot of his own if the first guy misses, and no recommit-

continued

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Because he has spent most of the season being frozen out, King did not begin to show his stuff until recent televised games against North Carolina and Notre Dame. He exploded for 16 points in the first half at Carolina, scoring on all manner of shots—rainbows from the corner, 17-footers off the glass, a vicious rebound dunk—before getting only three shots in the second half of an 85-71 loss. He simply did not get the ball. Of Maryland's 28 baskets in that game, only six were set up by assists. At South Bend, NBC commentator Al McGuire had no sooner said, "Notre Dame's Kelly Tripucka may be the best prepared freshman I have ever seen," than King rocked inside for a magnificent triple-pump jackknife layup in heavy traffic. "Now I see why 500 colleges were after him," said McGuire.

Despite the disruption around him, King admits to very few misgivings about his decision to go to Maryland—perhaps because he knows that the press is watching closely for an outburst that, coming from a player of King's reputation, could cripple the Terps' basketball program. There will be no loud criticism, no decision to transfer or anything juicy like that. But behind his veneer of cool, King is not that happy. Last year he was forever hiding in the bathroom so recruiters would think he wasn't at home. Now he closes his door at Ellicott Hall before letting his true emotions out. It is no secret that he is not in love with Maryland, which is hardly unusual for a freshman whose girl friend still goes to high school in Brooklyn. But he has gone to extremes to close the gap between College Park and home: in the last three months he has run up a \$1,000 phone bill. He also complains about never having played on a big winner in high school. Because he does not figure to be at Maryland more than two years before becoming a pro, he had hoped this season would be a big one.

After the loss at Virginia, a game in which King had a couple of brilliant moments while scoring 15 points and the Terps again had only six assists, Cavalier Coach Terry Holland was asked what he thought of King.

"He didn't have a great game tonight by any means," said Holland. "but he is unquestionably a great player. I thought he looked scared."

Distressed might be a better word.

THE WEEK

(Jan. 30-Feb. 5)

by BRUCE NEWMAN

MIDWEST Memphis State and Florida State survived a shaky week and wobbled into a tie for first place in the Metro 7, each having a 6-1 record in league play. Memphis State got there by beating Tulane 101-91 and pulling out a remarkable 86-85 overtime victory over St. Louis. The Tigers trailed St. Louis by six points as Billiken Guard Mark Alcorn went to the free-throw line with 38 seconds remaining. Alcorn missed, and Memphis State scored three baskets off its full-court press in the ensuing 28 seconds. Freshman Guard Kevin Fromm hit the tying basket with 10 seconds left in regulation play and nailed a 25-foot jumper from the corner with two seconds remaining in overtime for the victory.

St. Louis also lost to Florida State 72-68, after the Seminoles had suffered a stunning non-league defeat at home against South Alabama. FSU stalled away most of the final three minutes of that game with the score tied 56-56, hoping to get a good last shot. Harry Davis got it, a four-footer with seven seconds to play, but it didn't go in, and the Jaguars' Lonnie Leggett hit a running 35-footer at the buzzer. South Alabama hit 72% of its shots in the second half and outscored the trailblazers 31-15.

Cincinnati, expected to be a power in the Metro Conference, continued to fade. By losing 83-76 to Louisville, the Bearcats brought their conference record to 4-6. "There's not much we can do but play the games," shrugged Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett. Louisville also defeated Marshall 85-69 in a game that was held up by a 10-minute brawl in the first half. Call them the Louisville Sluggers.

Kansas hung on to its lead in the Big Eight by clobbering Oklahoma State 83-65 and slipping past Oklahoma 69-68. Nebraska defeated Colorado 86-75 and dumped Iowa State 62-56 to stay a game behind the Jayhawks. Freshman Andre Smith, who ordinarily plays for the Cornhuskers only when Carl McPhee is in foul trouble, stepped into a starting role when McPhee was suspended for a game and led Nebraska with 21 points against the Buffaloes. And he came off the bench for 16 against the Cyclones Iowa State, which went into the week tied with Kansas for the conference lead, also lost to Kansas State, 74-63. In that game K-State's splendid guard, Mike Evans, became the leading career scorer in Big Eight history, with 1,951 points. Wildcat Coach Jack Hartman, who takes a rather dim view of individual records, said, "I told Mike before the game to make his six points like number needed for the record and get it over with so we could go on with the ball game."

DePaul needed three overtimes to beat Creighton 85-82, even though 6' 11" Center Dave Corne scored 31 points.

The previous four times the University of South Dakota Coyotes met South Dakota State, the outcome had been decided by a shot in the final three seconds. Each school had won two of the games, with the Coyotes holding a one-point bragging advantage in cumulative scores. This time the Jackrabbits beat the Coyotes 76-75. Steve Brown ended the latest cliff-hanger by scoring six of his team's last eight points.

1. ARKANSAS (21-1)

2. KANSAS (16-3) 3. LOUISVILLE (14-3)

WEST "I don't believe we won, we played so badly," said New Mexico Guard Michael Cooper, after the Lobos won 94-91 at Wyoming. The Cowboys probably couldn't believe it, either. New Mexico led by 18 points with 8:22 to play, but began taking imprudent shots and squandered most of that margin. The Lobos did a better job of maintaining their composure against Colorado State and won 91-82. The difference proved to be the New Mexico bench, which outscored State's reserves 31-2.

UCLA continued to roll serenely along in the Pac-8, dispatching Stanford 101-64 and Cal 94-75. Against Stanford, UCLA had five players in double figures, led by David Greenwood with 21.

Washington and Washington State swept Oregon and Oregon State. The Cougars edged the Beavers 63-58 and then beat the Ducks 54-48. The team of Gudmundson and Frank did the job for Washington. In the Huskies' 58-52 victory over Oregon, 7'2" freshman Peter Gudmundson scored three baskets, grabbed four rebounds and had four blocked shots during a 16-7 run. Guard Bob Frank put in 15 points in a 64-61 defeat of OSU.

Nevada-Reno gained a comfortable edge over San Francisco in the West Coast Athletic Conference by beating Pepperdine 60-50 and Loyola Marymount 88-77 to boost its league record to 7-1. San Francisco, now 16-5, lost 101-87 to Portland, a team the Dons had beaten by 33 points three weeks earlier. The Pilots had two starters grounded by the flu, but got a career-high 19-point performance from George McCullough, a seldom-used senior guard. They also got a 41-point scoring binge from Point Guard Darwin Cook. USF later came up with a 96-85 win at Seattle.

"I wasn't going for a record," said Portland State's Freeman Williams. "I just felt good and everybody out there was feeding me." Williams was talking about his 81-point performance against Rocky Mountain College, which he accomplished by sinking 37 of 56 shots. His total was 79 short of the record set by Frank Selvy in 1954 while playing for Furman. Williams had 54 of his points in the

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first half. "I thought he let down a little in the second half," said Portland State Coach Ken Edwards. The next night, against Puget Sound, Williams pumped in 31 more.

After trailing by eight points with 9½ minutes to play, Utah State scrambled by St. Mary's 82-75. The Aggies also pounded Denver 86-66, getting 50 points from junior Guard Keith McDonald in the two wins.

Utah handled Brigham Young's 2-2-1 zone press so effectively that the Utes were able to hit 69% of their shots in an 89-76 victory. Ute freshman Buster Matheny and Tom Chambers combined to sink 16 of 17 field-goal attempts.

1. NEW MEXICO (17-2)

2. UCLA (16-2) 3. NEVADA-RENO (16-5)

EAST After winning about half a dozen games that nobody expected it to and working its way to 11th in a wire-service poll, Georgetown finally lost a game it probably should have won. The Hoyas had 13 straight victories coming into their game with Boston College, and certainly BC Coach Tom Davis did not sound like a man who figured to come out on top. "I talked to my assistants before the game," Davis said after it. "I told them, 'Hey, we might get blown right out of this thing.' Georgetown is a good running ball club. They have some real talent."

Davis decided to match Georgetown's fast break for fast break, and the strategy worked so well that the Hoyas were held to one field goal during a 12-minute stretch in the second half and ended up 81-76 losers. "We had to show that we're not just a bunch of hardnits out there," said BC's Mike Bowie.

Massachusetts upset Holy Cross 77-76 on a 24-foot fadeaway by Eric Williams at the buzzer. In the wild final 13 seconds of the game, each team had the ball stolen. UMass missed a free throw, a jump ball was called and Williams hit his shot.

Holy Cross had been recovering from a slump, winning four games in succession, including a 91-70 decision over Brown. After the UMass loss, the Crusaders promptly began another recovery with a 100-88 victory over Hofstra. Providence was in the midst of a three-game losing skid when it righted itself by beating Rhode Island 79-59.

Meanwhile Fairfield was quickly establishing itself as the best team in New England. After winning by scores of 82-78 over Manhattan and 89-83 against Boston University, the Stags were 17-2.

Penn continued to dominate the Ivy League, winning its 11th game in its last 12 by outscoring Columbia 29-0 at one point during an 81-58 rout. Columbia had defeated Princeton 38-36, but the Tigers rebounded with an 88-50 drubbing of Cornell. St. John's became the latest in a succession of teams to beat Cincinnati. The Redmen's

sixth straight win came by a 75-66 score.

When Mercer visited North Carolina, the Tar Heels assigned their little-known opponents to the locker room usually given to visiting jayvee teams. Mercer responded by nearly dressing down Carolina in a 73-70 loss to the heavily favored Heels. Four days later Furman succeeded where Mercer had failed, knocking off Carolina 89-83. The Purple Paladins outscored the Tar Heels at the free-throw line by 28 points and benefited from a pair of technicals called on the North Carolina bench. Center Jonathan Moore, who scored 19 points for Furman, said, "Those technicals were the key to the game." If they weren't, the fact that Furman outscored Carolina 18-0 late in the game, after trailing by 11 points, probably was. The next night the Paladins also knocked off N.C. State 68-67.

In the ACC, Wake Forest destroyed Duke, which was playing without its injured star, Center Mike Gminski, 79-60, and handled Virginia 74-62. The Cavaliers had a nail biter against Maryland, pulling out a 66-64 win when freshman star Jeff Lamp hit two free throws with nine seconds remaining.

Virginia Tech handed Syracuse its second straight loss with 17 unanswered points in the second half. The Orangemen lost that one 87-71 but bounced back with a 100-73 victory over Siena.

VMI (16-5) won its seventh and eighth straight, as senior Ron Carter became the first Keydets to score 2,000 career points. Carter got 54 in a 110-90 defeat of Richmond and a 61-47 win over Roanoke. He now has 2,043.

Rutgers seemed to be over its early-season streakiness, beating West Virginia 80-61 and Connecticut 78-70. Those were the eighth and ninth wins for the Scarlet Knights in their last 10 games.

Marquette won 73-60 at Penn State and 69-66 in double overtime at South Carolina, where emotions ran high over rumors that university officials were trying to ease out Coach Frank McGuire.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (18-4)

2. VIRGINIA (15-3) 3. SYRACUSE (15-4)

MIDEAST It had taken almost a full season, but Michigan State had finally made believers of the doubters in the Big Ten, rolling up 13 consecutive wins, and getting a No. 5 national ranking and the conference lead. Then in one long nightmare of a week, the Spartans lost twice. The first defeat, 71-66 at Indiana, was bad enough. The Hoosiers had lost five of their last six conference games, and things had turned so sour in Bloomington that when Coach Bob Knight's name was announced before the Michigan State game, there were some booers from the crowd of 12,347.

But what really hurt the Spartans was the 65-63 loss at East Lansing to cross-state rival Michigan. State fans had the feeling that the

Spartans would break a 1-9 drought against the Wolverines, and in anticipation of that, they harried ineffectively at Michigan Coach Johnny Orr. But when Mark Lester's 29-foot shot fell through the net as time expired, the Wolverines were on top once again. Looking like local Grey on a bad night, Orr danced onto the floor after the game, blowing kisses at the Michigan State students who had abused him.

After the Spartans won a return engagement against Indiana 68-59, they were tied with Purdue for the conference lead, both with 8-2 records. The Boilermakers made it to the top by dumping Michigan twice. In the first game at Ann Arbor, the Wolverines hit just 38% of their shots and took only one free throw, compared to 21 foul shots for Purdue, which won 80-65. The Boilermakers then slipped by Ohio State 71-69, and then Purdue's Joe Barry Carroll hit the Wolverines with 17 rebounds, 12 points and three

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

FREEMAN WILLIAMS: In a 133-110 win over Rocky Mountain, the Portland State guard scored 81 points, second-highest total in major-college play. The NCAA scoring champ is again on top with a 36.0 average.

blocked shots in a 75-66 victory. Said Orr, who was no longer dancing, "Purdue is the best team we've played this year."

Minnesota moved back into the Big Ten chase by beating Northwestern twice and Iowa once. Against the Hawkeyes, the Gophers connected on 22 of their 25 shots in the second half.

Loyola added Indiana State and Georgetown to its list of highly regarded victims, which had already included Marquette. The Ramblers handed the once-fearful Sycamores their fifth straight loss, 79-76, before surprising the Hoyas 68-65 in overtime.

Kentucky took a stranglehold on the Southwestern Conference lead with a 90-73 victory over Georgia and an 88-61 defeat of Florida. Sophomore Guard Kyle Macy hit 11 of 13 shots and all eight of his free-throw attempts against Florida. He also had nine steals and six assists. Shooting 68%, Florida then turned around and beat Alabama 84-73, with AJ Bonner scoring 29 points.

Wisconsin-Green Bay, the No. 1-ranked team in Division II, ran its record to 21-0 with victories over Northeast Missouri (92-59) and Indiana-Purdue (88-59). Green Bay is leading the division in four of the six team statistical categories: defense, scoring margin, field-goal percentage and win-loss percentage. Green Bay Center Ron Ripley is the nation's leading field-goal shooter, hitting at a 70% clip.

1. KENTUCKY (16-1)

2. MARQUETTE (17-2) 3. MICH. ST. (16-3)



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This time Curry wasn't so hot

In their first fight, Bruce Curry floored Wilfredo Benítez three times and lost, but the Puerto Rican trained for this one and his opponent was travel-worn

In view of the first Benítez-Curry fight last November, the rematch was supposed to be all-out war. But what the fans at Madison Square Garden witnessed last Friday night was a dance and a shuffle through the fifth round, and by then Bruce Curry, who had fought only eight days before in Japan, was too exhausted to care. "I just wanted to get it done and go to bed," he said later. "I should have sent out for coffee."

As Curry pooped out, Wilfredo Benítez, the junior welterweight champion of New York, surged. Curry had dropped him three times last year, but by the sixth round last Friday Benítez decided his chin was safe. Benítez began piling up points, more than enough, as it turned out, to win the 10-round decision. Which earned him the dubious pleasure of meeting lightweight champion Roberto Duran in New York on April 27.

"But hold it a minute," said Gregorio Benítez, the 19-year-old Puerto Rican's father and manager. "We haven't signed any contract to fight Duran. There are still a few things to discuss."

One is money, the other is weight. For the non-title bout, Duran would get \$100,000. The Garden has offered Benítez \$60,000 and wants him to come in at 143 pounds (for Curry he weighed 145½). Papa Benítez wants another \$40,000 and two more pounds—unless he sells his son's contract first.

"I want to sell my kid," said Gregorio. "All I'm asking is \$150,000, 10% of all his future purses and two tickets to all his fights. I say to all of them, you put the money in my hand and I put my kid in your hand. After that I don't care what



In the sixth round, Benítez finally realized Curry was harmless and went to work piling up the points.

you do with my kid. If the new owner wants him to fight Duran at 143 pounds, that is his worry. I want to be like Pontius Pilate: wash my hands of the whole thing."

Gregorio first offered to sell his son's contract to promoter Don King, who said no thank you, but offered to pay him \$150,000 for two fights.

"I wanted to sell him; all Don wanted to do was promote him," said Gregorio. "And Don is always in a hurry. I don't

like to do business with people in a hurry. So I tell him to forget it."

Then he asked Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker, to help him find a buyer.

"Are you kidding?" Brenner said. "I find a buyer, the buyer wants him to fight a certain guy, and then you tell him not to take the fight. Who is your son going to listen to: you or his new manager?"

Benítez has a third argument against fighting Duran, at least in April. Last

continued

June, José Sulaimán, the World Boxing Council president, told Gregorio that he was next in line for a shot at WBC welterweight champion Carlos Palomino.

"Either him or the Chinese guy he's fighting," Gregorio said, apparently referring to Ryu Sorimachi of Japan. "Brenner and me will be out in Las Vegas next week to talk to Palomino. Sulaimán will be there too. So why fight Duran, like they are talking? Palomino is for a title and Duran is for 10 rounds. If we beat Palomino then we got the title and then we give a chance to Duran, only we're fighting at 147 pounds then. With all that, right now a Duran match is too dangerous. Unless Teddy gives us the \$100,000 and two more pounds. Then we fight."

For the moment, numbers like \$100,000 are beyond Curry's reach. That's \$96,000 more than he got for the first Benitez fight, when he was a 3-to-1 underdog despite his 13-0 record. He all but destroyed the overconfident Puerto Rican, knocking him down three times,

And then stood there and listened while two of the three New York judges gave Benitez the decision.

Disgusted, the 21-year-old ex-Texan went home to Los Angeles, where he signed to fight Minoru Fujiya for \$10,000 in Japan on Jan. 24. Fujiya was Japan's No. 3 junior welterweight. Curry already had knocked out Japan's No. 1 and 2. It was easy money. Then the Garden called and offered him the rematch with Benitez. For \$12,500.

"We were really in a bind," says Jesse Reid, Curry's manager. "We were committed to the fight in Japan, where Bruce is something of a hero. And we wanted the rematch with Benitez after the robbery they gave us. We figured we'd just go ahead with both fights."

The first one wasn't much of a problem. Overriding protests from the Garden, Curry flew to Japan, floored Fujiya five times and knocked him out in the third round. It was his eighth knockout in 15 fights.

The next day Curry flew for 10 hours

back to Los Angeles, rested there for a day, then flew for five hours to New York City, and rested for a week. Since Jan. 22 he had had but one hard workout, plus three rounds of sparring against the inept Fujiya.

"I know why they fought that bum in Japan," said Gregorio Benitez. "To build Curry's confidence. After we beat him, he had to be down. It was a smart move on their part. But it won't help him. We are going to put him in a hospital this time."

In a smart move of his own, Gregorio had shipped his playboy son to Mexico City for a month's hard work in rarefied air. There Wilfredo sparred more than 100 rounds, which is about 90 more than he sparred before the first Curry fight. "My kid was in terrible shape the first fight," Gregorio said.

Sitting in a chair next to his father, Wilfredo grinned. He had been switching the dial on a TV set, trying to find a monster movie. Now he said, "The first fight was supposed to be with Duran. I

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was starting to work hard. Then Duran got sick, and they said I was fighting Curry instead. I said, 'Curry who?' And I stopped working. He knocked me down three times. Then I knew who Curry was. This time I have worked very hard. I no play."

For the first four rounds of the fight, Benitez remembered so well who Curry was. Mostly he stayed outside. Far outside.

"Go get him, Bruce!" Tom Logan, Curry's trainer, screamed from the corner. "He's the guy sitting in the second row. Press him. You've got to go get him."

Slowly, Curry pursued Benitez, occasionally banging to the body, pressing the fight, but not much. By the fifth round, Benitez began to realize he was in against a different Curry this time. The Puerto Rican became bolder, became once more the clever boxer who had taken the junior welterweight title from Antonio Cervantes of Colombia. Sliding swiftly in and out, Benitez hammered at Curry

in short, sharp bursts: jabs, hooks, straight right hands. They came in a blur. He has astonishing hand speed.

Unhurt, but his strength fading rapidly, Curry husbanded his punches, saving what he had left for the one big punch that could end it. He almost found it—four seconds after the bell ended the seventh round.

With eight seconds to go in the round, which he had dominated, Benitez scored with a hard right to the head. Stung, Curry went at him with both hands, and Benitez met him with both hands. Toe-to-toe they pounded each other. The bell rang. Still they fought. Referee Tony Perez tried to move in between the fighters, and Benitez hooked him hard to the head, blackening his left eye. As Perez staggered back, Curry smashed a crushing hook to the right side of Benitez' head. The Puerto Rican's legs quivered. Benitez' corner was in an uproar.

Leaping into the ring, Benitez' assistant trainer, Jaran Manzanet, yelled back

over his shoulder, "Get him. He's hurt. He's hurt."

Quickly his corner hustled Benitez to his stool, sat him down and went to work with ice water and smelling salts.

"He's hurt," Manzanet yelled again. "I see that," snapped Gregorio. "I see that."

Benitez' recovery was amazing. "Curry has a big punch," he said afterward, "I have a bigger spirit." From the eighth round on, he said, seeing Curry with his right eye was like peeking through a keyhole. Somehow he saw enough of him to bloody his nose in the eighth round, and he finished strongly to win the final two rounds.

Later, Curry stopped by Teddy Brenner's office to pick up a \$1,000 check to get his group home to California. On the way out, Reid cashed the check at the Garden box office, collecting 10 \$100 bills. The next morning it was discovered one of the bills was counterfeit.

"Good Lord," said Reid. "What else can they do to us in this town?"



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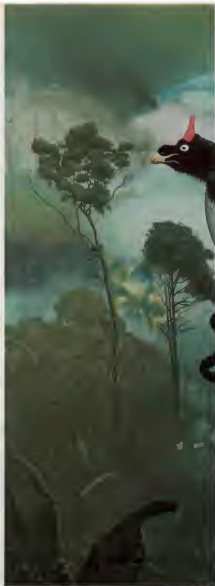


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Bird Thou Never Wert

So sang the poet, and indeed the horned guan, an exotic denizen of Central American mountains, is so rarely seen as to seem almost fabulous. A saga of a quest for a bird whose mating call is like a "moo" by ROBERT CANTWELL





CONTINUED

El Triunfo is a small village high on a big, bulky, flower-covered mountain in the state of Chiapas in southern Mexico near the Guatemala border. Aside from a little snake that the natives call the *chica brinca*, which they say can jump six feet, there is nothing extraordinary about El Triunfo, the triumph. It is in the cloud forest, on the southern end of the Sierra Madre, whose peaks on the Guatemala side rise to 14,000 feet. There are no challenging heights to be climbed, no ruins, no legends, no colorful markets in picturesque villages. The settlement consists of four dirt-floored houses in a grassy clearing on the continental divide. Clear, cold streams flow in opposite directions there, steeply down to the west and south some 8,000 feet to the Pacific, which you can see from the heights in an immense, blue panorama, or more gradually down to the east, through zones of pines and oaks, into the jungle and the savannas of Chiapas to the Gulf of Mexico some 200 miles away. The El Triunfo area is a wilderness. Most woods are active—trees moving, branches waving. But when the clouds hang around its tree trunks in the morning the woods about El Triunfo are ghostly, and in the afternoon, in the semitropical sunlight, they seem not so much wild as drugged and somnolent.

Nonetheless, El Triunfo is an irresistible lure for one pos-

sessed type of visitor for whom it provides the ultimate experience. It is one of the most glamorous places on earth for bird watchers. To take the more familiar species first, there is the wonderful singing quail, sometimes glimpsed peering up anxiously out of the underbrush, excessively shy except at dawn and dusk, when it bursts into a song that consists of tuneless whistles followed by a flute solo. The rose-throated becard is there, a bird the size of an English sparrow and almost as plain-looking, except for a large headdress that resembles an ill-fitting Harpo Marx wig. Also the acorn woodpecker, a demented red, white and black bird that drills innumerable small holes in dead trees and pounds an acorn into each, apparently driven by an innate fear of impending famine, meanwhile giving out a hoarse cry that sounds like "Jacob! Jacob!"

These are ordinary oddities, not hard to come by. The rose-throated becard and the acorn woodpecker are frequently seen in the Southwestern U.S. as well as elsewhere in Mexico, in places far easier to reach than El Triunfo. But there are also such rare, or infrequently sighted, birds as the black penelopina which likes to glide down from the top of a tall tree, giving astoundingly humanlike whistles and whirring its wings to produce a rattling, rushing and crashing noise that sounds like a falling tree. Another rarity is the aptly named resplendent quetzal. When the Amer-

ican explorer and secret agent John Lloyd Stephens prowled around Chiapas in 1839 he reported, "The quetzal is the most beautiful bird that flies." Modern ornithologists are more cautious. Roger Tory Peterson says merely that the quetzal is the most spectacular bird in the New World. In any event the quetzal, with its radiant red and gold-green plumage and its filmy train of feathers, shimmers in these remote woods. Its feathers were once the royal plumes of the Aztecs, their use restricted to members of Montezuma's immediate family.

There are some 10 to 12 species of hummingbirds around El Triunfo. They endure the cold mountain nights by slowing down their basal metabolism, a process akin to hibernation. Among them are the green-throated mountain gem, each of its throat feather tips a shining metallic green; the garnet-throated hummingbird, perhaps the most vividly colored of the 50 species of hummingbirds found in Mexico; the tiny wine-throated hummingbird, scarcely larger than a bumblebee, still so rarely seen that the most practiced bird watcher is transfixed by the sight of one; and the beautiful



These colorful Central American birds are (from bottom, counter-clockwise): rose-throated becard, emerald toucanet, white-bellied chachabuco, colored trogon, mountain trogon, rufous and female

hummingbird, so named because it is just that—the beautiful hummingbird.

However, the birds that give El Triunfo its special flavor are the mountain trogons, encountered frequently enough elsewhere in Mexico, but there in such numbers as to have become its symbol. They often fly in pairs, first and fifthly in the morning, landing in a tree and taking off at once as though delivering urgent messages to someone hidden in the leaves. Later in the day you see them perched unconcernedly close-by, in plain sight, watching the bird watchers who are watching them, perhaps waiting for something to happen. In the soft light before sunset you see them in unhurried flight around the forest edge. High up on the tip of a dead branch in the last rays of the sun, they symbolize the strangeness and remoteness of the tropical mountain and its uncanny wildlife.

But why bother with them? "We find [in the forest] whatever we seek," said Alexander Sutch, the pioneer naturalist of Costa Rica. "If we seek beauty, it is there profusely. If we yearn for peace, it awaits us there. If, on the other hand, we gloat in strife and violence, it offers us that, too." If you carry into this bird-enriched wilderness an overpowering sense of the civilized world, you find yourself pitted against more enduring images—billowing vapor in the trees of the cloud forest at the first morning light, smoke rising straight up from the open fires by the cabins, birds constantly in motion and yet changeless, all of which you know you will always remember.

"We are almost certain to see the resplendent quetzal," said Victor Emanuel before we set out for El Triunfo. "It is possible, though less likely, that we will see the azure-naped tanager. Whether we find the horned guan depends on many things, including the weather. There have been several expeditions in the past 10 years, and the horned guan has been seen only once. But those were brief expeditions, two or three days, and we will have five days."

We were a party of 12 ornithologists and amateur bird watchers, organized to publicize the importance of the El Triunfo area as a bird sanctuary and to search for its rarest bird, the horned guan, which exists only in a few locations in the chain of volcanic peaks and mountains that stretch from Chiapas into Guatemala. We assembled at the airport in Tuxtla Gutiérrez and traveled in two rented Volkswagen buses by roundabout roads, through Villa Flores to a coffee plantation called Finca Prusia in the foothills below El Triunfo. In addition to Victor Emanuel and his partner in a company called Victor Emanuel Nature Tours—John Rowlett, a Texas ornithologist—the party included George Plimpton, a lawyer and his wife from Wisconsin, the chairman of the board of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, a dentist from Massachusetts, a photographer from Austin, Texas, a retired real-estate dealer from Houston, an Ohio coal-mine owner and a journalist and his wife.

We ran a wide range of ornithological experience. Dave Johnson, the dentist, was an expert. He had once worked as a missionary in the Guatemala highlands, winning the friendship of Indians by extracting infected teeth, and was at home in the woods. Plimpton had been a bird watcher in his childhood. His interest was revived when he went on a

bird count in Texas with Victor Emanuel a year after the famous Christmas bird count headed by Emanuel in which 226 species were sighted, an all-time record for such efforts. Plimpton had also searched with Emanuel and Rowlett for the imperial woodpecker in the Mexican highlands north of Durango. (Almost two feet long, it is the biggest woodpecker in the world; there have been no verified sightings since the 1950s.) Mary Ann and Tom Neuses, youthful-looking parents of grown children, had taken bird-watching trips to the West Indies and to the Big Bend country of Texas. My wife Allison had made marvelous bird paintings in her girlhood, before she gave it up to make a living painting portraits; she had never been camping before. We were a miscellaneous collection of interested but undisciplined observers and experienced veterans, held together by Victor Emanuel's determination to find a horned guan.

It was impossible for Victor to imagine that anyone might not want to see a horned guan. He had been studying birds for 25 of his 36 years. When he talked about the guan, or any other bird, he seemed to be trying to sell it. The son of a Texas newspaperman, he had a gift for bird identification that had made him useful to ornithologists when he was a Boy Scout in Houston. While he was still in high school he went on ornithological expeditions to Mexico with scientists. After Harvard and a brief political career working for Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough, he became a professor of political science at Rice University and at the University of Houston but gave it up to lead bird expeditions. Slight, even frail-looking, he displayed demonic energy as he hustled through the woods, pecking into thickets, motioning imperiously for silence, spotting birds invisible to everyone else. He seemed to pluck them out of the trees. His expedition to El Triunfo was a five-day lecture, in which the professor seemed constantly to be breaking off to rush down the trail to identify another bird—or a dozen more—before returning to continue where he left off.

And what is the horned guan? Back in 1859 *The Ibis*, the authoritative ornithological journal of the time, said, "This bird, one of the most curious as well as the most interesting in Central America, is extremely rare." The first known specimen was shot by a hunter in Guatemala in 1848 and was given to an English trader, who presented it to the Earl of Derby to add to his collection. This resulted in its being known as the Derby Mountain-Pheasant (*Oreophaps derbyana*). Eleven years later Osbert Salvin, a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, happened to be in Guatemala and hired a professional hunter to shoot additional specimens. The hunter came back with a black, turkey-sized bird, found that it was what Salvin wanted and returned the next day with two more. Salvin asked to be taken to the place where they were shot.

At dawn he set out with the hunter for the 12,000-foot Volcán de Fuego in the Sierra Madre near the Mexican border. They reached the mountain by nine o'clock and climbed through dense lowland growth to a region of pines and coarse grass and the cloud forest. Then they descended into steep ravines with thick growths of a palm called the hand plant—*la mano de mico*, the monkey's hand of the natives—where the horned guan reportedly lived, feeding on wild

continued



fruit. Four grueling trips failed to produce another specimen, leading to suspicions that the natives were keeping their source of supply to themselves, although Salvin denied this. The natives had no reason to go through an elaborate and difficult deception. He concluded that the horned guan was a rare bird, even on the single mountain where it was known to exist.

Fourteen years later, during another visit to Guatemala, Salvin reported to *The Ibis* that he had seen the skins of several horned guans but had no accurate information as to where they had come from. And there the matter rested for some 60 years. In 1934 Emmet Blake, who later wrote a field guide to Mexican birds, hunted for the guan on 14,000-foot Tajumulco in Guatemala—"the last stronghold," he said, "of the most magnificent and least-known game bird of the western hemisphere." Blake and a native guide camped at the 10,000-foot level for a week without seeing or hearing a guan. Dropping down to the cloud forest at

6,000 feet, they were at the point of starting back to camp empty-handed when the guide happened to pound on a tree trunk with his machete. There was an instant response from a guan overhead. It was so close that a shot would have blasted it to pieces, so Blake backed away, and the guan disappeared into the trees. Four days later Blake returned to the same spot and heard "a monotonous sound like the distant low moaning of a cow. . . . It suddenly stopped, and a big male guan strutted out upon a branch in plain sight and within easy range. I fired just as it flushed and could have whooped for joy as it crashed to earth. Immediately two other guans, unseen before, took flight, and a quick snapshot scored another hit. Two Derby's guans in a single day!"

In all, Blake killed 17 horned guans. Large, tame and conspicuous, the guan is one of those trusting birds which, as Salvin wrote, will watch a hunter come close "with a vacant rather than an alarmed expression." The reason for the guan's scarcity was simple. It was good eating. The main reason a few horned guans survived around El Triunfo was that the steep mountain country discouraged anyone from hunting them.

That is, anyone except bird watchers. Miguel Alvarez del Toro, director of the Institute of Natural History and Zoological Park in Tuxtla Gutiérrez, included an account of the horned guan in his catalog of Chiapas wildlife in 1952; he had seen a male horned guan on the top of a small tree in the El Triunfo cloud forest. Robert Andrele, an ornithologist from the Buffalo Museum of Science in New York, made a difficult backpack trip to El Triunfo in 1965. He saw a horned guan there (he also found one in Volcán Tajumulco in Guatemala) and observed it for half an hour. It hopped from branch to branch, uttering short guttural croaks and clacking its mandibles at the rate of two clicks per second. If you consider that an inadequate reward for such an arduous trip, you do not know bird watchers. "We know so little about the bird," Victor Emanuel said earnestly. "Does it nest on the ground or in the trees? We don't know. Nobody has ever seen it nest. How many eggs? We don't know that either."

Alexander Skutch reported that he came upon a horned guan one clear, frosty February morning on a ridge of the Sierra de Tecpán, 130 miles southeast of El Triunfo in Guatemala. The bird was a velvety black with bright yellow eyes, its head surmounted by a tall slender spike the color of ripe strawberries. It gave "a loud guttural outcry, almost explosive in its sud-

continued



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denness and power." Skutch described it as an apparition, "its small yellow bill opening and closing with a loud clacking, as though the strange fowl tried to intimidate me by this menace . . . I have seen among birds few appearances so bizarre."

If Skutch found it rare, what hope could there be for the rest of us? Skutch began studying Central American birds in 1928, when he was a 24-year-old Johns Hopkins graduate. He bought a small farm in the remote Costa Rican woods, married the daughter of a Costa Rican naturalist and turned out such patiently assembled works as *Life Histories of Central American Birds* and the monumental *Parent Birds and Their Young*, the culmination of more than 40 years of observation. The books made him a venerated figure among ornithologists. If he had seen few stranger birds than the horned guan in a lifetime of observation, it could be taken for granted that nobody else had seen more unusual ones. And it was this elusive fowl that Victor expected us to find.

There were frequent stops on the way to the coffee plantation to enable the newcomers to add Mexican birds to their life lists—a black robin, a blue-crowned chlorophonia, a Montezuma oropendola, a melodious blackbird—and there was a long pause before sunset to photograph a swallow-tailed kite, not because it was a rarity, but because it posed invitingly on a dead tree, totally indifferent to the bird watchers creeping toward it. The projected eight-hour drive from Tuxtla Gutiérrez lengthened to 14 hours: the plantation was wrapped in sleep and inhospitable darkness when we arrived. We were quartered in a guest-house dormitory adjoining a platform where coffee beans were washed. Here we were required to reduce our packs to the bare essentials. Sleeping bags, warm clothing, tents, rain gear and the like went into duffel bags, to be loaded on pack animals in the morning; anything else had to be carried in backpacks. It was a silent, serious operation. Binoculars, cameras, film, socks, notebooks and insect repellent were ranged in piles around each hiker, to be appraised, weighed by hand, examined under the dim light of an unshaded low-wattage electric bulb and then added to the load or left behind.

Plimpton examined his pack with puzzled concentration. He had barely made connections to Tuxtla; he had been on a lecture tour, speaking on successive nights at the University of Massachusetts, Miami University in Ohio and the University of Oklahoma. "My wife packed my pack," he said. "I don't know what's in it."

He drew out objects from its depths: sweaters, thermal underwear, Arctic garb.

"I say," he said at last, "I've got somebody else's pack."

It was, in fact, the pack of someone bound for skiing in Colorado. People crowded around Plimpton as he continued to extract items suitable only for snow country. He looked like a magician holding an audience mesmerized by sleight-of-hand tricks. Finally he drew out a wallet. "His name is George Harrison," he said, "and he's from White Plains, New York. There's a lot of money in here."

"Now make it disappear," someone said.

Who could George Harrison be? At which of many airport changes had Plimpton's backpack been exchanged for Harrison's? What was Harrison going to do when he arrived at some ski resort with no money and a backpack full of tropical wear and field guides to Mexican birds? Discussion of such questions went on into the night, along with emergency preparations to scrape together enough supplies to enable Plimpton to survive on the mountain.

"Did you notice how calm George was?" my wife said. "If that had happened to you, you would have thought it was part of some gigantic international conspiracy."

"I think it is."

We waited in the morning at an outlying coffee-separating shed while the pack train went ahead up the trail—12 elegant little mules, light and trim, lightly laden, one horseman in the lead and another following, both men erect and poised like circus riders before the audience of ourselves and the coffee workers. Then we got underway in a line strung out for a quarter of a mile along a narrow path, clay or rock on one side, the tops of trees on the other.

It was slow going, fortunately, with a long wait to let the woods quiet down after the mules passed. Because the trail was steep, any attempt to hurry might have ended the hunt for the horned guan right there. Emanuel and Rowlett ranged ahead, scanning the trees and motioning for the rest of us to catch up whenever anything unusual was sighted. There were emerald toucans, bright green birds with immense, curved, black-and-yellow beaks; a gray silky-flycatcher; a slate-throated redstart; a cinnamon flower-piecer; a hooded grosbeak; a rufous-collared (Andean) sparrow. The serious bird watchers studied them through their glasses and entered each sighting in their notebooks—time, place, species. Conversation was limited. Mary Ann Neuses might call out, "Victor, was that a blue mockingbird or a blue-and-white mockingbird?"

"It was a blue-and-white."

The birds quickly became familiar objects. The first blue-throated motmot you see—or any motmot, for that matter—is likely to be uninteresting, but interest declines fast: there's another motmot. The trail grew steeper. The stops became more frequent. There were fewer and fewer huddles to locate something in the trees; people just sat down wherever they were. And now the long line ahead became discouraging in itself. You could see the leaders far in advance, until they passed out of sight, and then you would see them again, coming out of the tree ferns 200 feet or so above on the mountainside, going in the opposite direction. They had merely rounded some despicable switchback, and all the plodding still to be done would bring us back almost to where we were.

Some hikers moved as effortlessly as strollers on a city street. Dave Johanson studied the woods and the rocks along the path with something like admiration. Minturn Wright, the Academy of Natural Sciences chairman, and Rod Thompson, the coal-mine owner, moved slowly and steadily onward while almost everyone else rested. They looked like a lawyer and his client walking to an important appointment in the business district, their calm features show-

continued



ing none of the ravage and strain evident on almost everyone else's faces. W. E. Saunders, a well-known ornithologist, has written that you could measure the loss of your hearing ornithologically. At the age of 60 he found he could no longer hear the notes of the golden-crowned kinglet. At 65 he could no longer hear the song of the cedar waxwing. At 68 he could not hear the Cape May warbler. Saunders understated the cost of bird watching. By mid-afternoon I could not even see any birds. In fact, I could hardly see the trees. In a way Allison had an advantage over the rest of us. Never having been camping before, she thought all outdoor recreation was like this. Bird-watching stops were now perfunctory—the pretext that they were to look at birds was dropped. They were to rest. I noticed that instead of scanning the trees, Allison was staring straight upward at heaven. Later she told me that she had once read a newspaper account of a helicopter that landed in the yard of a Mexican prison and plucked out an important convict; she was hoping it might come back and rescue her.

I was reduced to walking 200 steps and stopping, counting slowly to 100 before walking another 200. By four in the afternoon I was walking 100 steps and counting to 200. Soon I was down to 50 steps and repeating the Lord's Prayer. Somewhere along about here I began to have hallucinations. I thought I was the last climber in the line, but suddenly there was somebody behind me. An Englishman, tall and extremely pale, materialized on the trail and lifted my pack off my back. "Let me help you with this," he said. It was not an Englishman, it was George Plimpton. He walked on ahead, staggering a little from the weight of my pack and that of the mysterious Harrison. My first reaction was one of deep gratitude, followed by an impulse to ask him if he would carry me, too. I met him again, half a mile on. He was sitting beside the trail with the two packs beside him, looking exhausted. I picked up my own and went on. He seemed pleased.

About seven o'clock we tumbled and slid into the broad clearing at the summit. Camp was made in darkness on the banks of a small stream, a quarter of a mile from the settlement. "We will get up at five o'clock," said Victor, "and start out as a group as soon as it is light. Then we will separate into small groups to cover as much territory as we can, in the hope that somebody will hear the guan calling, and we can concentrate in that area."

The cloud forest is manimaze. The cloud is a filmy, gossamer vapor rather than a fog; it drips down unevenly, like a sagging tent, sometimes only an arm's reach overhead, more often entangled in the lower branches of the trees. There is nothing to compare it with. Sometimes it suggests film sets for German expressionist movies like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, or those old scary illustrations of Hansel and Gretel lost in the woods, but mostly it seems displaced, rolling slowly and billowing gently among the motionless trees. Looking down from a ridge in the sunlight, the cloud is a milky, wavelike expanse of piles of vapor, through which dark branches project like those of trees partly submerged in a flood.

The call of the horned guan is a low, vibrant, mooring sound that seems to radiate in all directions; it is almost im-

possible to determine where it is coming from or from what distance. "You don't hear it," Victor said. "You feel it. It is the heartbeat of the cloud forest." Every ornithologist who has studied the call has remarked on its ventriloquist character. Blake said, "Few sounds in nature are more difficult to trace . . . the most unpredictable bird I have ever hunted." Authorities are uncertain about the call itself, sometimes describing it as a soft, distant lowing, or as a resonant dovelike sound, or as a low, mooring booming. The amateur bird watchers among us were more imaginative; they said it was like a cow mooing and snoring at the same time, or like a foghorn muffled by distance, or like the bass strings of a giant harp.

On the first day it was heard only once, faint and untraceable. On the second day it was not heard at all. If it really was the heartbeat of the cloud forest, the forest was dead; there were no vital signs. We were now divided into small groups, straining our ears over wider expanses. Victor and the experts carried a parabolic microphone, borrowed from the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology, to record the call of the guan in the wild. Victor also carried a large tape recorder with an amplifier and a battery of tapes of the calls of birds—quetzals, trogons, even the horned guan.

We split up into small groups so that we could cover more territory and enhance our chances of spotting a guan. Our group of four was assigned to the trails that ran down the Pacific slope from El Triunfo. Except in the early morning, before the sun burned off the cloud, there was little chance of finding a horned guan in that direction. This may have been just as well. Neither Tom and Mary Ann, nor Allison and I, were skilled enough to add any scientific information about the bird if we saw it. There was, however, a chance that we might see the second great rarity of El Triunfo. Buck in 1866 Dr. Jean Cubini, editor of the *Journal für Ornithologie* in Berlin, reported a new species of tanager in Central America. It was a small green-and-blue bird, the upper back a light metallic green, the lower back and rump a soft, washed blue. This was the azure-rumped tanager, *tanager cubinisi*, and a specimen was given to the Berlin Museum. Two years later P. L. Slater, secretary to the Zoological Society of London, received another specimen, shot at Costa Cueva near the border of Guatemala and Mexico. These two stuffed birds were the only proof that the tanager really existed. "Extremely rare," says Peterson and Chalif's *A Field Guide to Mexican Birds*. In 1937 an azure-rumped tanager was collected on Mount Orvando in Guatemala not far south of El Triunfo. Two more were collected in Chiapas in 1943.

We did not find it. But rounding a bend in the trail, coming out of the thickets, we did see the Pacific beyond a wide expanse of headland. On this side of El Triunfo the mountain dropped almost straight down; an ancient trail, even steeper than that from the coffee plantation, threaded around ridges and spurs. Along this trail in 1972 an expedition saw three azure-rumped tanagers and the species has been observed several times since. We saw other treasures—a black-throated jay, a brown-backed solitaire, a spotted nightingale-thrush—but we failed to see a trace of the tanager. It was not possible to spend much time looking for it,

or for anything. While going down the steep trail was easy, our problem lay in getting back up to camp before dark.

By the end of the third day Victor appeared to be growing a little desperate, even though the guan had been seen once. Bill Failing, a former Army counterintelligence officer, spotted it as it flew across the trail, but it was merely glimpsed, and it produced no sound.

Bird-watching books assert that the great advantage of the sport, or pastime, or hobby, or whatever it is, lies in that it can be practiced anywhere. Start in your own backyard "It is not necessary to walk vast distances," says *A Guide to Bird Watching*. Wide varieties can be found in "cultivated fields, farm buildings, orchards, ungrazed wood lots, stream borders, springs, cattail swamps, sedge marshes, conifer groves, sandy fields, cliffs, bogs, golf courses, airports, cemeteries and so on."

All this is nonsense. Bird watchers yearn to get as far away as possible from familiar scenes. After the experts have combed Trinidad and Madagascar and Nepal and Peru, they can return home and write of the pleasures of watching blue jays and robins. Bird watchers have their heroes, and they almost always discover, or rediscover, rare birds. One hero of bird watchers' folklore is Charles Bendire. Stationed at Fort Lowell near Tucson in 1872, Major Bendire rode out alone one day to look for the zone-tailed hawk. He found a nest. "The bird was so very tame I concluded to examine the nest before attempting to secure the parent," he wrote, "and it was well I did so. Climbing to the nest I found [an] egg, at the same instant saw from my elevated position something else—namely, several Apache Indians. In those days Apache Indians were not the most desirable neighbors, especially when one was up a tree and unarmed." Bendire put the egg in his mouth and slowly descended, knowing that any haste would indicate to the Indians that he had seen them, which might lead them to attack him. He grabbed his shotgun, mounted his horse and raced back to the Fort, holding the egg in his mouth—"and a pretty big mouthful it was"—thus preserving for posterity a specimen of the zone-tailed hawk's eggs.

Bird watchers exult in at last finding the bird they searched for, but they have trouble communicating this exultation to anybody except other bird watchers. William Dawson, in *The Birds of California*, tried hard to express his surprise at hearing a western yellowthroat utter a unique and unexpected song. "We . . . were not unprepared for shocks," he wrote, "when Hoo hee, chink I woo chee *tip* fell upon the ear. Again and again came the measured accents, clear, strong and sweet." In *The Trail of the Money Bird*, Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian told of his search in New Guinea for bruyn's brush turkey, *Aepypodius bruyni*, discovered by plume hunters in the late 1800's and not seen again until 1939, when Ripley examined birds shot by one of his native hunters, "and there, wonder of wonders, was *Aepypodius bruyni*!"

This was the heroic tradition in which Victor Emanuel grew up, and the fading hope of finding the horned guan was painfully evident. By the fourth day he had taken to

showing the beginners the birds of the forest edge. "We're trying to get lots of birds to lots of people," he said philosophically. At night he set out to look for owls.

"I am in awe of Emanuel," Plimpton has written, "Just a flash of wing, or the mildest of sounds, and he has himself an identification." His instant mastery of the elusive cloud-forest birds was startling; he saw them where you could not see them until he patiently directed your glasses to the right branch; he guessed a bird might be one hitherto unspotted and, when you looked in the field guide, he was invariably right: a yellowish flycatcher, a yellow-throated brush-finch, a black hawk-eagle, a white-bellied chachalaca. He indicated the subtle differences between species. "The social flycatcher, the boat-billed flycatcher and the great kiskadee are incredibly similar," he'd say. "They have black-and-white striped heads and yellow breasts and short tails and they're chunky birds . . ." When your attention-span limit was reached he held out the promise of future pleasures. "Tomorrow we'll go back to that first ridge we climbed. I have a wine-throated hummingbird staked out there." There were birds enough to give even a beginner an impressive life list. But the horned guan was not among them.

Evening of the fourth day. We were sitting around the fire at the camp. Dave Johnson had not returned. He had gone down the Pacific trail toward Mapastepec the day before with Minturn Wright and Rod Thompson. At 1 p.m., Wright and Thompson decided to climb back, but Dave said he would look around a little longer. It was agreed that he must have been caught by darkness and decided to spend the night on the trail. If he was not back by dark tonight, we would start out after him with flashlights. At 6:30 p.m. he appeared through the underbrush and stretched out on the grass by the fire. "I found it," he said.

He had seen the azure-rumped tanager. After Minturn and Thompson left him he had gone farther down the trail. At 3:30 he stopped to watch a number of warblers. "All of a sudden," he said, "while I'm looking at them, I saw it. I said, 'Holy smoke, that's it!' An azure-rumped tanager. Eight of them! They stayed there. Then 'whust!' They're gone. Then four or five minutes later five more came whizzing by and lit in the same tree."

He decided to stay there, which meant that he could not hope to get back to camp before dark. Shortly before sundown the tanagers returned. They acted like the warblers they traveled with. A spotted nightingale-thrush appeared with them on the trail, close to where he sat motionless.

When Dave realized he would have to spend the night there, he lit a fire and stacked rocks around it. He had no food and very little treated water left. He made a brush bed near the fire, which he fed every hour or so. When the cold became intense, he put the warm rocks under his bed.

"That was ingenious," Mary Ann Neuses said.

In the morning the azure-rumped tanagers returned. Dave studied them and made notes until 7:30 a.m., then he started back to camp, a climb that took 11 hours.

As he was telling us this, John Rowlett and three other exhausted bird watchers came into camp.

"We saw it!" John yelled. "We saw the guan!"

"Where?" Victor asked.

continued



"About an hour away—too far to get there," he added hastily, because Victor appeared ready to take off. "We went up and birded along the ridge and went on as far as we could go. Before coming back down off the ridge we just sat down. Then we heard it, but we couldn't track it down. Really sneaky. But it looked like a perfect habitat... and there it was! It was thrashing around on a tree. It actually made a little foray out. It flew. It flew up higher in the tree and just hunched there. You could see the white band across the tail and the red horn...."

"How high up?"

"About 60 feet. Way up there. We saw it at 3:30, and it blasted off at 4:10. Rod Thompson tried to get some movies, but it was too dark in there. Then on the way back we saw two more. They were up in a tree over the creek, about 30 feet up. Where is my tequila?"

"We saw quetzals, too," said Mirtana Wright.

"Everybody has to get up at five," Victor Emanuel said. "Everybody is going to hunt for the guan."

The last day. Complications about the mule train coming up to get the camp gear delayed the early start. It was 10 a.m. before Victor joined a small group heading for the ridge. "It is too late for guans to be calling," Victor said. "I don't expect to see any."

As he reported later, in a kind of formal address to the entire party, "It wasn't very productive birding." He located some mountain-gems and a slate-throated redstart for the bird watchers, but his thoughts kept returning to the cloud forest. What could be done to preserve this area? And what was its real value? What could be done, in terms of personnel and funds and international support, to keep its natural state from being destroyed?

"We walked around," Victor continued. "I was kind of lost in thought. Anyway, there were very few birds. I said, 'Let's sit down.' I wanted to take these thoughts. I didn't want to lose them. We were chattering about the preservation problem. I said, 'We're in the forest. Be quiet.' All of a sudden I heard it, except you don't hear it. You feel it. It kind of creeps into your consciousness. I said to Mary Ann, 'There it is.'"

"I am bad at sound directions. I have a partial hearing loss in one ear. I asked Allison and Mary Ann and Tom where it was coming from. They said, 'Across the creek.' That meant back down the trail and up a hillside. But after we got up the hillside we couldn't hear it. Through the brush I could see light at the top of the ridge. I said, 'I've never been to the top of this ridge. Let's go there.' We pushed to the top of the ridge. There was a beautiful view, a valley and a wide sloping forest on the other side. There was a path on the top of that ridge. But we couldn't hear the guan any longer."

It was a bitter moment in the life of a great bird watcher. It was as though he were the only person in El Triunfo who had not seen a guan. He looked desolate when he realized his recorded guan call was not going to summon one and that his last chance to see a guan was gone. But he merely said stoically, "Let's follow this path back to camp."

The ridge path was steep and grew steeper. The bird watchers, lagging far behind, out of breath, were widely

spaced when Victor put down his parabolic microphone and motioned for silence. He was on a high point of the ridge, in a kind of country favored by quetzals, and he put a quetzal call into the tape recorder, hoping to call in one of them as a parting gift.

The call of the quetzal is a low double note, sounding like wahoo, wahoo and a whistled whee-oooh. Everybody had long since learned to remain absolutely silent and motionless when Victor worked the parabolic microphone or turned on the tape recorder. Now, simultaneously with the recorded quetzal call, a guan began calling. But Victor, close to the tape recorder, did not hear it. It was a dull grunting sound, so porcine that the first reaction was, what are pigs doing up here? At first there was no bill-clacking or mooring, just a low steadily repetition of the snorting grunt that pigs make while feeding.

Victor, preoccupied with the quetzal tape, still had not heard the guan, and an awful fear gripped those who had. They could not call out to him, and they were afraid that if they moved, they might frighten the bird away. But Allison, closest to him, whispered urgently, "There's the guan!"

"I shut off the tape recorder," Victor said later in his report. "In order to hear what she was saying. And then I heard the bill-clacking. I walked along the ridge, and there it was. It was just standing there! Just after spotting it, I had this terrible conflict. I just wanted to soak it up, but at the same time I wanted to make sure everyone saw it, but I didn't want to take my eyes off it. The others came along quickly, and we watched it for 10 minutes. Then it began walking back and forth on the branch, clacking its bill for a minute or two, looking around, getting more agitated. It jumped up to another branch, and when it did it went ohh—waaah!—its most agitated call."

"We were watching it hopping around. Then some tree growths got in the way, and we couldn't see it. I thought we might go down the slope to the base of the tree, where our nearness might disturb it and start the bill-clacking again so we could locate it. But it just vanished. The same thing happened to Alexander Skutch, he described that mysterious disappearance in a German ornithological publication, *Grzmeks Tierleben*."

Nobody saw the horned guan again. No one got a picture of it. There were new tape recordings now of its wilderness call, but that was all. Back in civilization Plimpton managed to locate Harrison. He was pleased to have his money and belongings returned, and interested to learn where his pack had ended up.

There was no question in Victor Emanuel's mind but that the El Triunfo trip had been a glorious success. We had set out to find the horned guan, and we had found it. For less dedicated searchers the results were not so clear-cut. "We find there what we seek," Skutch wrote in *A Last Home of Mystery*. "But in spite of beauty, tranquility and endless variety, the forest at last becomes oppressive.... We lose our proud pose as the lords of creation and come at last to feel what we actually are, small, bewildered creatures wandering timidly amid forces immeasurably more powerful and enduring than ourselves."

END



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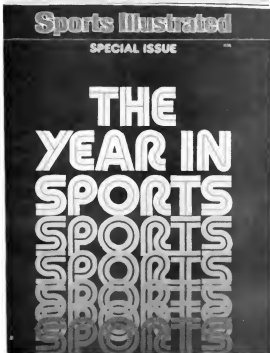
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GEORGE ALLEN'S DEPARTURE

Sir:

George Allen was not chased out of Washington by the fans, but by the sportswriters. I was absolutely disgusted to read Joe Marshall's article about Allen being fired (*Let's Start the Music*, Jan. 30). It appears Marshall is just joining the detractors. He pointed out that Allen often has been called "devious and deceitful." Doesn't it look kind of fishy that as soon as Allen was fired, Jack Pardee resigned as head coach of the Chicago Bears, was immediately the leading choice as a successor to Allen and was signed within a week? In all fairness, how can you accuse Allen of job hunting and not even mention the possibility that Edward Bennett Williams was searching for a new coach while Allen was still under contract?

FRED SCHEPARETZ
POTOMAC, Md.

Sir:

Any dedicated football fan can clearly see why Allen left Washington. I suspect it had very little to do with stock options and a great deal to do with the fact that he has taken a football team, the Washington Redskins, and, through bad management and frivolous drafting, totally decimated it.

You mention that Allen has taken his team to the playoffs five out of the last seven years. This is impressive. What is just as impressive, though, is that in two of the last three years, the Redskins have not been there. I suspect that Allen left Washington because he knew his number was up.

JOSEPH J. RICCI
Poland Spring, Maine

Sir:

There is one exception to Joe Marshall's postulate, which says that NFL coaches are hired to be fired: Tom Landry of the world champion Dallas Cowboys. He has proved over the years that he is the best there is.

M. D. LEONARD
Hanover, N. H.

Sir:

That the Giants did not hire George Allen the second he became available is totally incomprehensible to me. John McVay is probably a nice guy, but he is not the man most likely to turn the Giants around. Allen would have given the Giants some leadership, some dedication and some hope.

SAM B. COSENTINO
Lyndhurst, N. J.

THE PRO BOWL VOTE

Sir:

Your SCORECARD item (Jan. 23) regarding John Hannah of the New England Patriots

stated in part: "Curiously, Hannah was not selected to play in this year's Pro Bowl, for which the coaches do the voting."

The statement is incorrect. Beginning this year, the voting to select Pro Bowl players was by both coaches and players. Each team in each conference had two equal votes—the vote of its head coach and the consensus vote of its players.

A check of the AFC balloting shows that Hannah received considerable support. He finished tied for second in the voting by the coaches and fourth in the voting by the players. The composite placed Hannah fourth in the balloting behind Joe DeLamielleure, Gene Upshaw and Bob Kuechenberg, the three selections at guard.

VAL PINCHBECK Jr.
Assistant to the President
American Football Conference
New York City

WRONG FACE

Sir:

It was very kind of you to include our daughter Marilyn in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Jan. 16). However, the face you featured was not Marilyn's. We would be most appreciative if a correction of this error could be made in one of your future issues.

NORMA F. CHAPMAN
Diablo, Calif.

• For a picture of gymnast Marilyn Chapman, see below. SI apologizes to Marilyn, who at last December's British Invitational became the first American since 1970 to win an all-around title while competing directly against U.S.S.R. gymnasts. SI also apologizes to 15-year-old Tricia Stultz of Braddock Heights, Md., whose photograph appeared in Marilyn's place. Tricia, a center forward for the Mid-

dletown (Md.) High School junior varsity and varsity field hockey teams, earned consideration as a Face in the Crowd by scoring 24 goals in her sophomore season and seven goals in one jayvee game, the latter feat establishing school, league and county records.—ED.

PLIMPTON ON SKATES

Sir:

Part I of George Plimpton's essay on goaltending (*Bozo the Bruin*, Jan. 30) was a masterpiece and representative of his writing skill. I am a hockey fan (Flyers) and have read a lot about the game, but only Plimpton has provided me with an insight into its romantic aspects. He has done this by his perceptiveness and mood-setting analogies. Add to these a liking of humor, and a description of the nuts and bolts of goaltending, and you have a reading experience. Thank you, George Plimpton! Thank you, SI!

JOHN F. HOCK
Doylestown, Pa.

Sir:

I was enthralled, amused, informed, entertained, enriched and delighted. George Plimpton showed the lighter side of professional hockey while acknowledging the ferocity of the sport.

TIM SHEAHAN
ARIZONA, Conn.

Sir:

George Plimpton tells better than anyone what it is like on the ice and why, after you have played the game, you are hooked.

TOM LYNCH
Auburn, Mass.

Sir:

Score a goal for George Plimpton, but not without a big assist from good old Jim (Seaweed) Pettie. Seaweed's comments made the article outstanding reading.

BILL KITNEY
Greensburg, Pa.

Sir:

How long must we endure George Plimpton? He has been battered on the pro football field, bloodied in the ring and now he flutters on the ice like some effete moth, proving for the umpteenth time that his athletic efforts are an embarrassment to watch. He's a dilettante at all sports. Why restate the fact?

MICHAEL S. ABRAMAN
Birmingham, N. Y.

Sir:

If George Plimpton could play goalie as well as he can write, the Bruins would have another Vezina Trophy in their showcase.

ANDREW KARAS
Stamford, Conn.



British Invitational winner Marilyn Chapman

BATHING BEAUTIES (CONT.)

Sir:

There are two issues of *SI* that I await with the eager anticipation of a bear searching out his first meal following a long winter's hibernation. First, the bathing-sun issue (Jan. 16). I can think of no better way to warm my innards than by soaking in the glow of Cheryl Tiegs' smile and dreaming of sunny beaches. Second, the 1978 *HOLE* (Jan. 30) containing reactions to the bathing-sun edition. The range of the reactions, from "Wow!" to "Cancel my subscription immediately," keeps me chuckling each year, and renewing my subscription. I wonder when my old high school librarian will write in accusing you of corrupting our youth. Little did she know of the locker-room photo clinic spearheaded by our right tackle. "Wowee!" On to next January!

DICK McQUELLON
Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

Your annual bathing-sun issue is not as revealing as the letters that always follow it.

J. M. TILNER
Vinita, Okla.

CHAMPION DURAN

Sir:

Pat Putnam's article on the Roberto Duran-Eusebio DelJesus fight was great. (A Solid

Right in the Title, Jan. 30). *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* stands alone in its coverage of championship boxing, and I am especially glad that you include the lighter weight classes. That's where some of the finest boxers are, including lightweight champion Duran, who just might be the best boxer alive. Now Panama has produced two champions (at least). Duran and baseball's Rod Carew.

MARK POLASH
Lincolnwood, Ill.

Sir:

"Buene!" You couldn't have said it better. Roberto Duran is the one and only champ!

DAVID KIGHT
Keyser, W. Va.

MIDGETS

Sir:

I really enjoyed your article and pictures on indoor midget auto racing in Indiana. (Come In, the Night Is Frightful, Jan. 30). However, another driver deserving of mention is Mel Kenyon, the 1977 USAC midget champion. His accomplishments are worthy of an entire article. Despite losing most of his left hand in a 1965 racing accident, he has won a record total of five USAC midget crowns and is the all-time leader in midget feature wins, with more than 85 to his credit. He also has placed in the top five at Indy on four different occa-

sions. Kenyon is to midget racing what A. J. Foyt is to USAC championship racing and is quite possibly the best ever to drive the mighty little cars. Moreover, he is a gentleman and a credit to the sport.

TOM EIDMILLER
Nashville

NOT SO REMOTE

Sir:

In the article about Earvin Johnson (*Just Another Guy Named Earvin*, Jan. 23) you stated that Michigan State Basketball Coach Jud Heathcote had been an assistant at "remote Washington State and a head man at even remoter Montana." In Heathcote's fourth year at Montana, he led the Grizzlies to the Big Sky title and a first-round NCAA playoff victory over Utah State before losing to eventual national champion UCLA 67-64. If your reporting on Montana continues in this vein, *SI* will become remote here.

ROD GALL
Minocqua, Minn.

GRUBHOUSE FOOD

Sir:

I enjoyed Robert F. Jones' fine article on the care and feeding of partridge. (*A Firm Stand for the Quaking Aspen*, Jan. 30) but I was sure grouse lost water after those birds ate most of the big, fat fruit buds from more

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

than 3,000 young highbush blueberry plants in a selection nursery at Jonesboro, Maine. Next time maybe they will leave enough for us to evaluate the blueberry prospects for winter hardiness and fruit quality.

I have no direct information on whether or not Maine's sweet low-bush blueberry provides a significant food source for partridge. We have more than 40,000 acres in commercial production. The much smaller fruit buds, deep snow coverage in the winter and lack of cover for the partridge probably would all discourage its general use as a food source.

PALL R. HULPER

Associate Professor of Horticulture
University of Maine at Orono
Orono, Maine

THE HONEST APPROACH

Sir,

Your item "Honesty Gets Mugged" in **SCORECARD** (Jan. 30) brought to mind an opposite experience. Last year I was a coach of a fourth-grade girls' soccer team. We sent in accurate information on our team, including ages, which meant that we had to play in the age 10-to-12 league because several of our players would turn 10 before the end of the year. The experience of our team was zero, while the other teams averaged several seasons' experience.

We did not win a game. Even worse, we did not score a goal. This was pretty hard on the coaches and the parents, but the girls were playing with the same enthusiasm at the end of the season as at the start. And when we distributed team pictures and participation trophies, one would have thought the team had won them all. Winning is great, but these girls taught us adults that it is not everything.

JOHN P. BOONL
Dallas

"NORMAL" TENNIS (CONT.)

Sir,

Congratulations to Peter Nord for cutting through the babble of the experts to show us tennis as we've come to know and hate it (*The Game Normal People Play*, Jan. 23). However, Nord overlooks the useful tool of racket personification. After smoothly stroking a backhand off the far fence or placing a service return at your own feet instead of at your opponent's, glare at your racket. This lets spectators know that your racket is an autonomous thing and the true cause of your wins.

If personification fails, loudly inquire of a friend on the sidelines where in heck he found the racket you are borrowing. You may lose some friends, but at least you'll salvage enough dignity to hack away another day.

TOM ARBERG
Grinnell, Iowa

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